

A DELL COMIC
DELL
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FEBRUARY

10¢

comics

LOONEY TUNES

MERIE MELODIES

HAPPY NEW YEAR



52 pages
ALL COMICS!

CICERO'S NEW HATCHET

It was George Washington's birthday and Cicero was spending the day with his cousin Petunia. He was bored because there was no one around to play with. And no matter what he did, he always was in Petunia's way.

"Why don't you go out and play, Cicero?" asked Petunia.

"'Cause everyone's gone away and I don't know what to play all by myself," Cicero sighed petulantly.

"You could pretend you're George Washington," Petunia suggested.

"Gee! I guess I will!" Brightening, Cicero started for the door. "I'll get my new hatchet—" he stopped. "But what can I chop down?"

"There's some wood in the garage you could cut," said Petunia.

Cicero looked indignant. "That's work. It isn't fair to make me work on a holiday."

"Well, chop the dead limbs off my lilac bush, then," Petunia said.

"Well—okay," Cicero answered. He went off to get his hatchet and then headed for the lilac bush. He looked dubiously at its slender limbs. "If I'm gonna play George Washington, I've gotta chop down a REAL TREE!"

Cicero glanced around and saw the answer to his problem in the yard next door. Petunia's neighbor, Mr. Catlin, had planted a whole row of trees to form a hedge at the back of his yard. The little trees had no leaves, as yet, and Cicero thought they were dead. He was sure that Mr. Catlin would be glad to get rid of them.

Gripping the bright red handle of his hatchet, Cicero began chopping at the nearest tree. "Boy!" he exclaimed. "Playing George Washington is fun!"

When he had chopped more than halfway through the trunk, he dropped his hatchet. Facing the side of the trunk where he had been chopping, he pushed against it with both hands. The tree fell carrying Cicero with it.

At that moment, Petunia called, "Cicero! Please come here!"

Cicero scrambled to his feet and picked up his hatchet. He ran across the yard and banged through the kitchen door. "What d'ya want, Petunia?" he panted.

When Petunia turned to face him, she gasped. "Cicero!" What have you been doing? Digging up the ground with your nose?" Hauling him over to the sink, she started to wash his face.

"Hey, Petunia! Stop!" yelled Cicero. "I can wash my own face."

"All right. But see that you wash it CLEAN!" She handed him the wash cloth and went back to her housework.

It did not take Cicero long to transfer the dirt from his face to the kitchen towel. "Petunia, my face is clean."

"Good," Petunia answered. "And now, will you go to the grocer's for a loaf of bread? Here's the money."

Cicero raced to the store and bought the bread. As he was returning, he spied Mr. Catlin crossing Petunia's back yard toward her kitchen door. Cicero stopped short. "Golly," he whispered to himself, "Maybe I shouldn't have chopped down that tree. I wonder what he wants."

There was a high boxwood hedge bordering Petunia's yard and Cicero ducked behind it. He tiptoed along the hedge to the corner of Petunia's house. Just as he reached the kitchen window, he heard Mr. Catlin say, "Goodbye, Petunia." Then the kitchen door closed with a bang.

Cicero waited a while and then tiptoed back to the hedge. He sat down behind it. "Gosh, he might even have me arrested. Maybe I'd better run away," Cicero sighed. "No," he counseled himself, "I just won't say anything about it."

He took a deep breath and ran into the kitchen. "Here's your bread, Petunia!" Dropping it on the table, he snatched up his hatchet and ran back

(Continued on inside back cover)

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.

present

BUGS BUNNY

FIRECRACKERS!
SOMEBODY MUST
THINK THIS IS
THE FOURTH OF
JULY!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

BANG!
BANG!

YIPES!
THEY'RE
BULLETS!

AN' IF THERE'S ONE THING IN
THIS WORLD I'M SKEERED OF...
IT'S BULLETS!

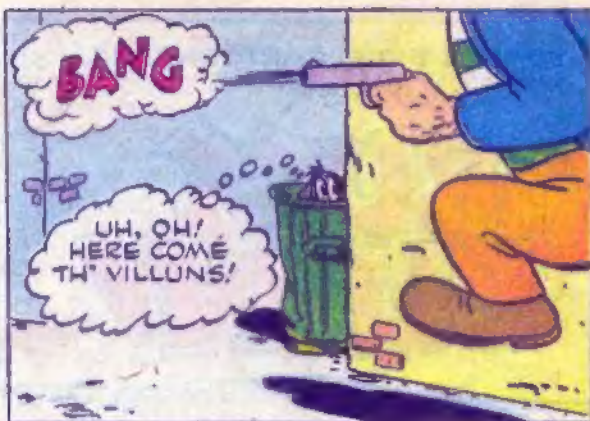
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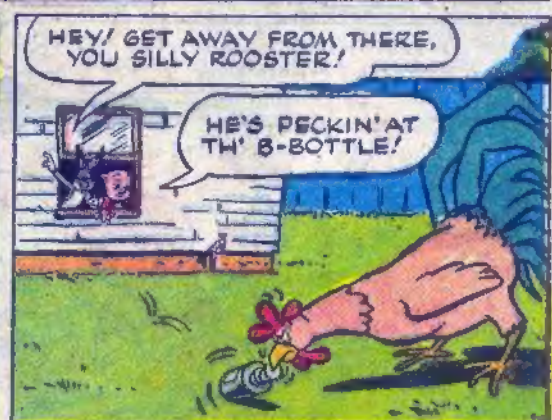
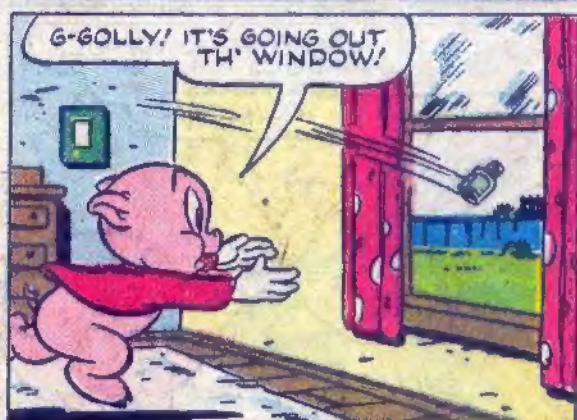
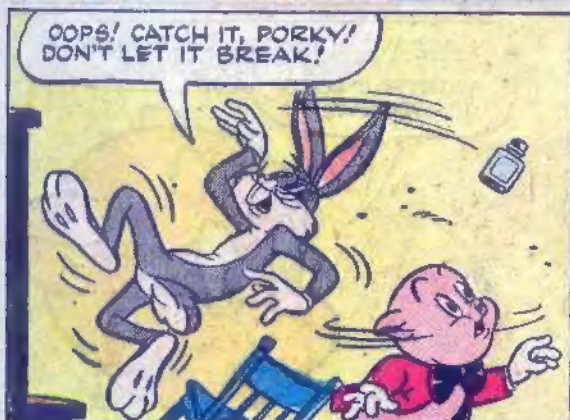
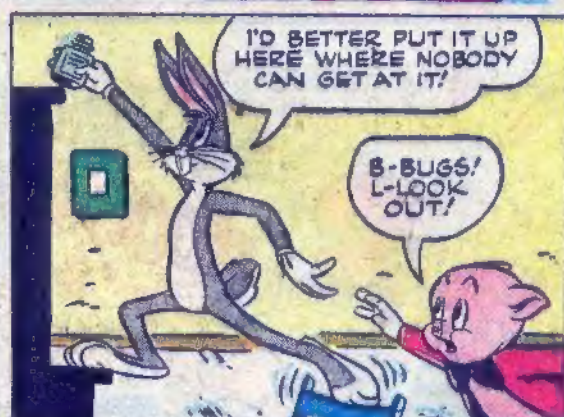
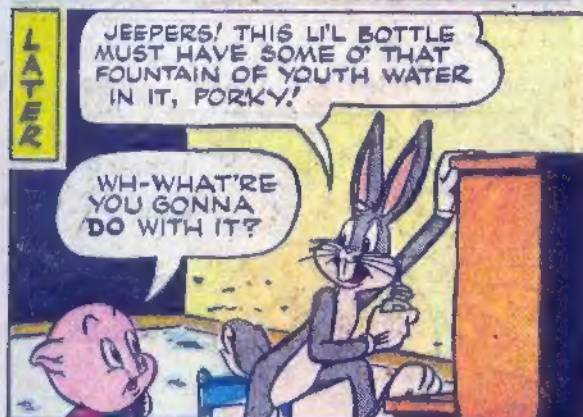
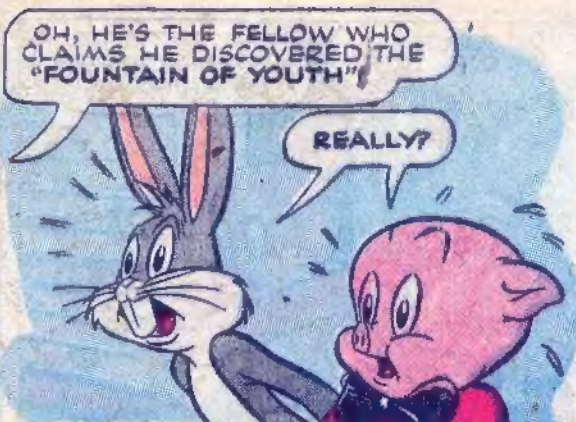
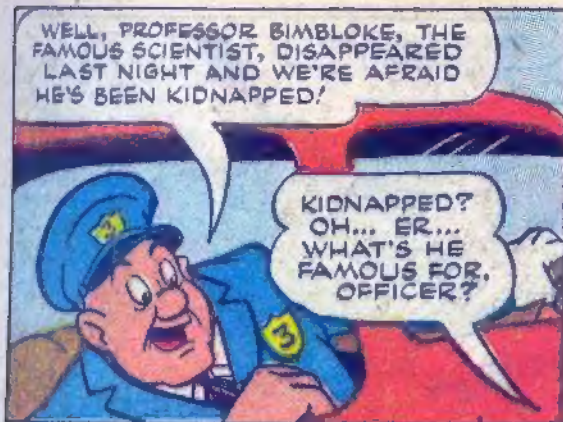
THIS IS GONNA BE
A TIGHT SQUEEZE,
DOC!

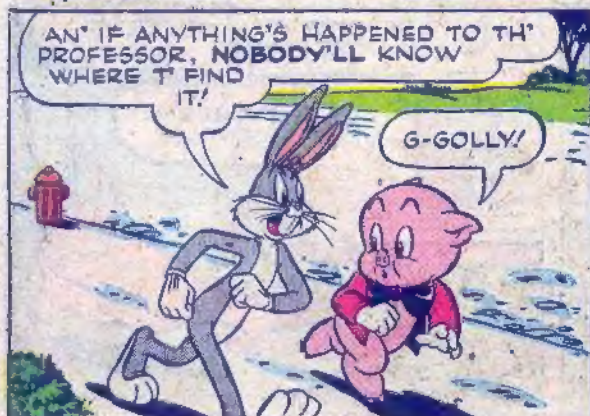
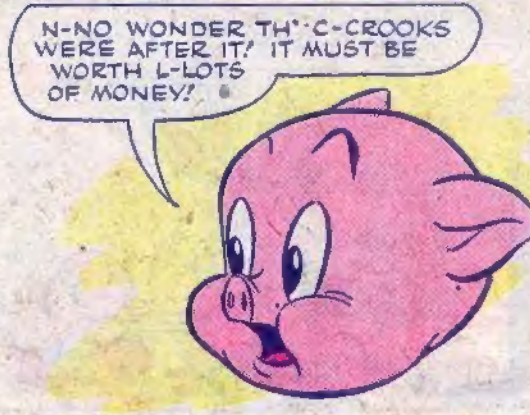
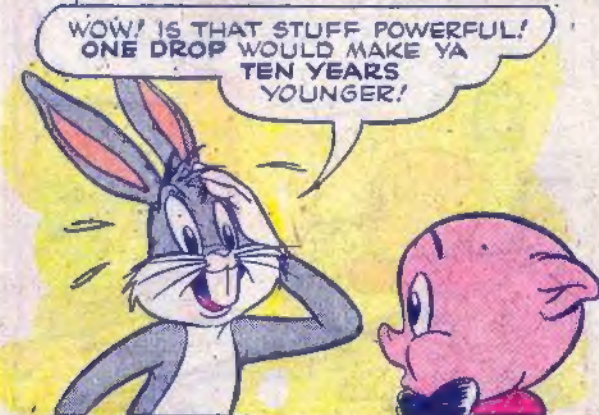
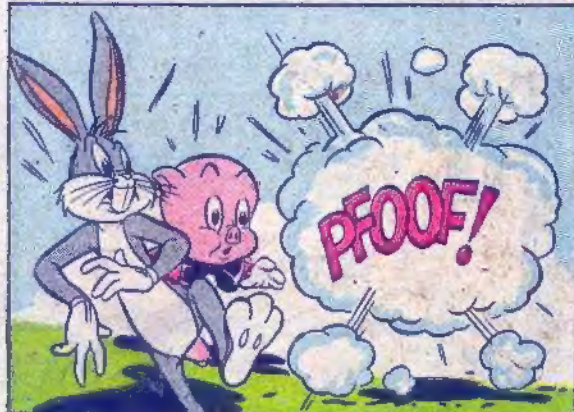
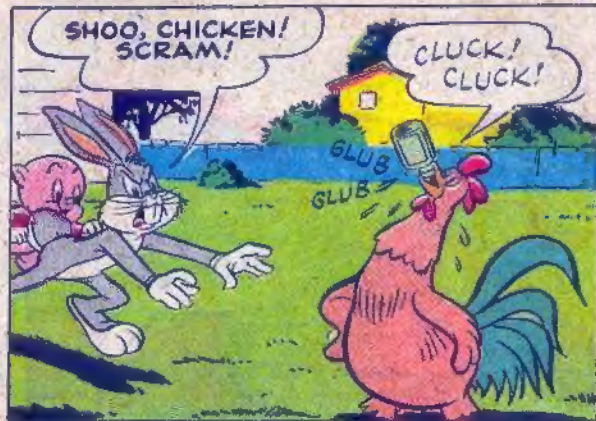
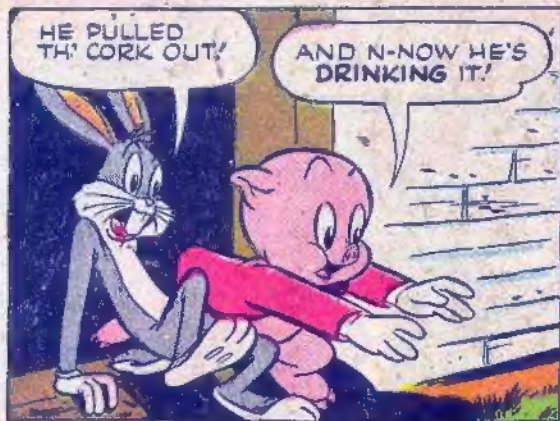
PLEASE! YOU MUST
HELP ME! THEY'RE
AFTER ME!

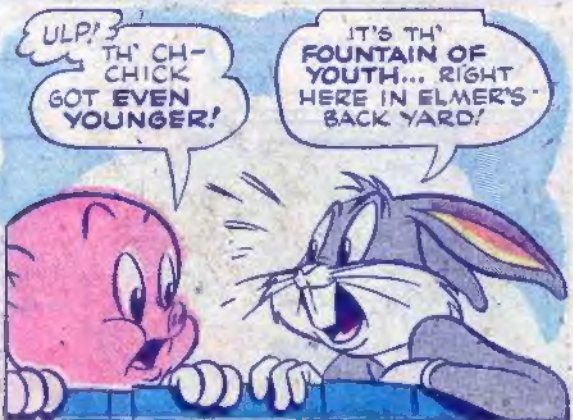
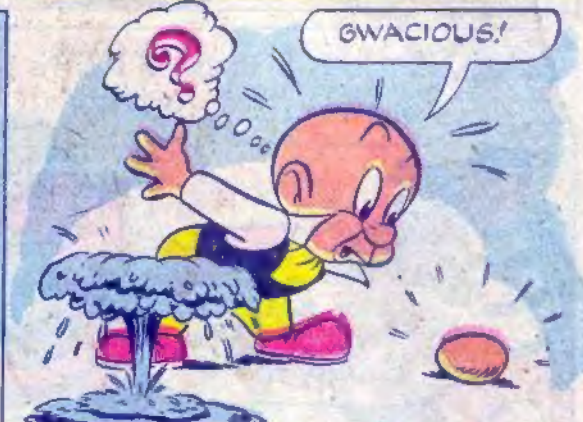
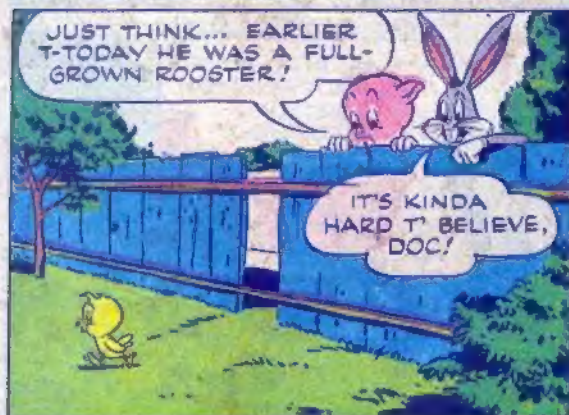
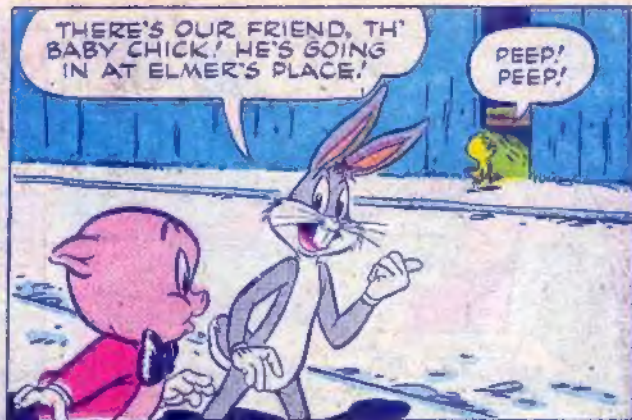
WHO'S
THEY?

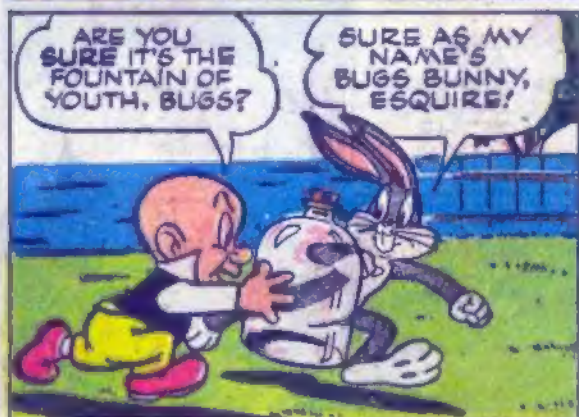
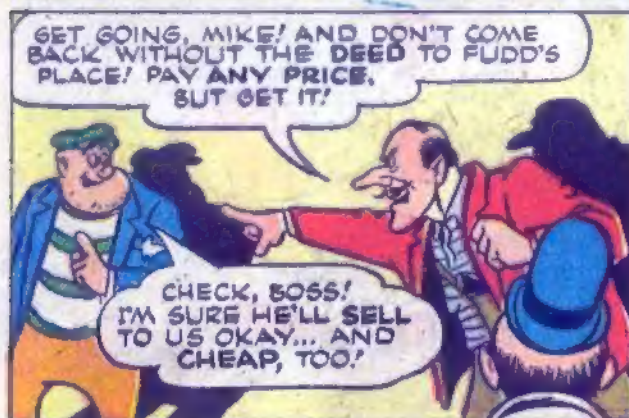
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
HERE... THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS
THE GREATEST DISCOVERY
KNOWN TO MAN! GUARD IT
WITH YOUR LIFE!

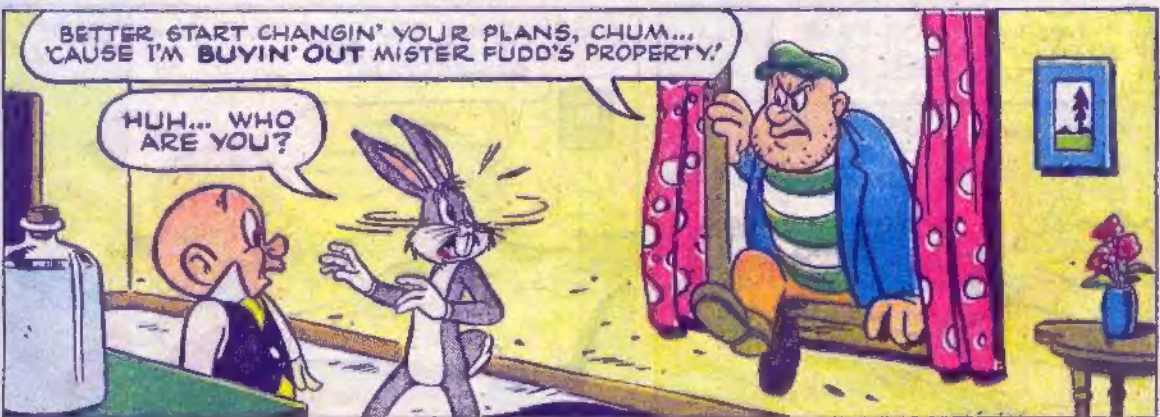
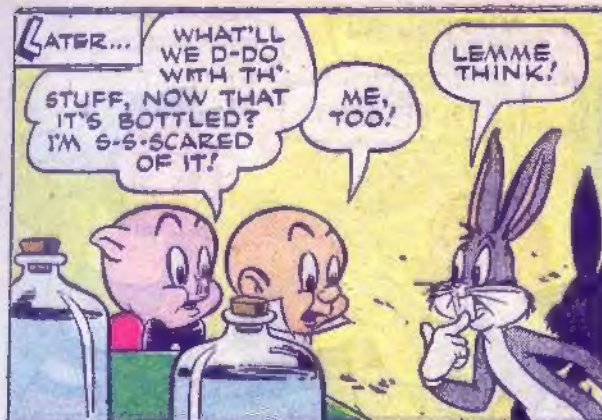


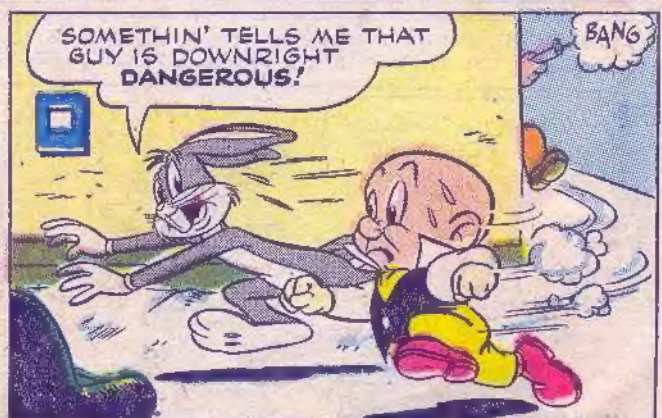
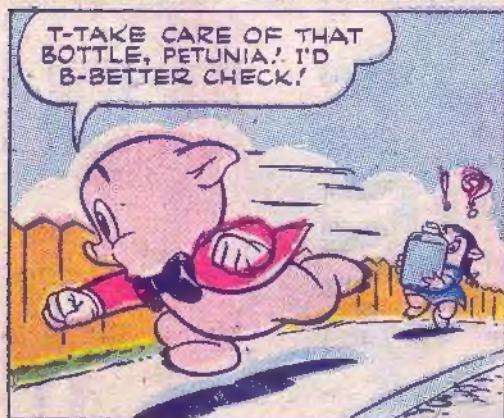
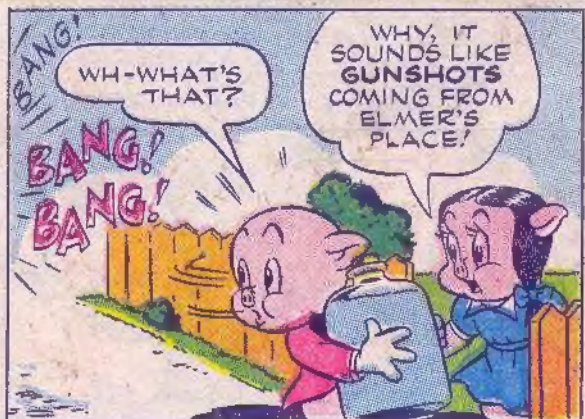
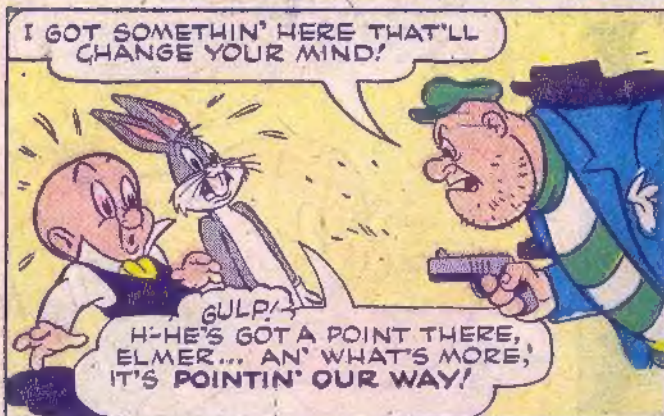


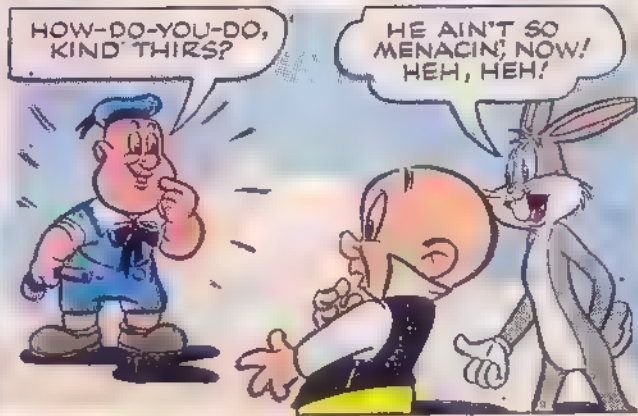
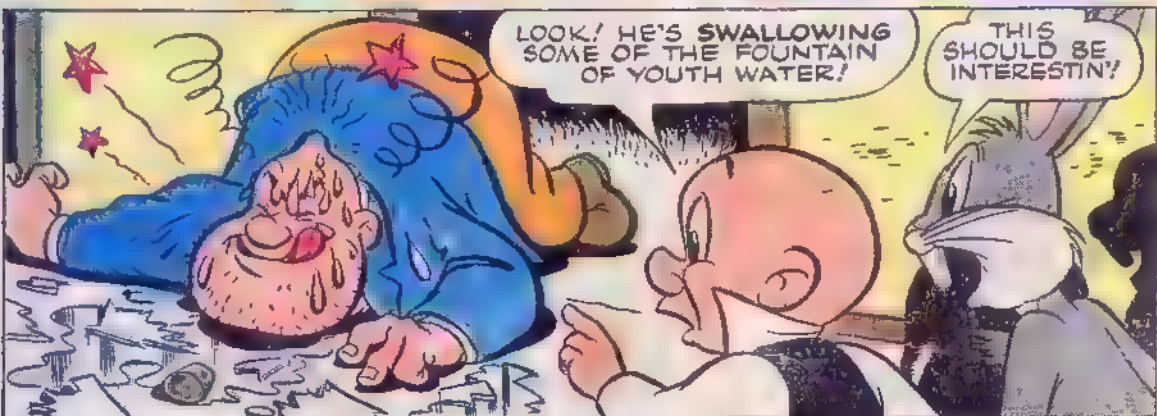
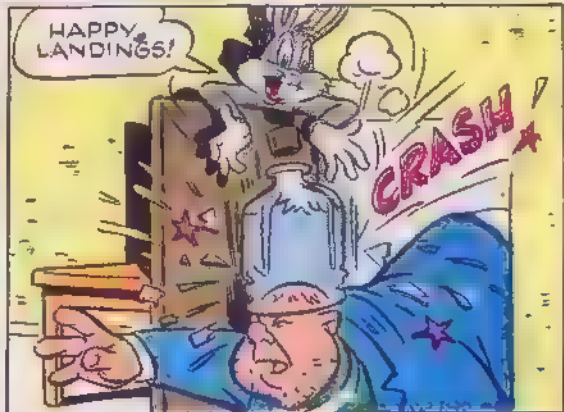
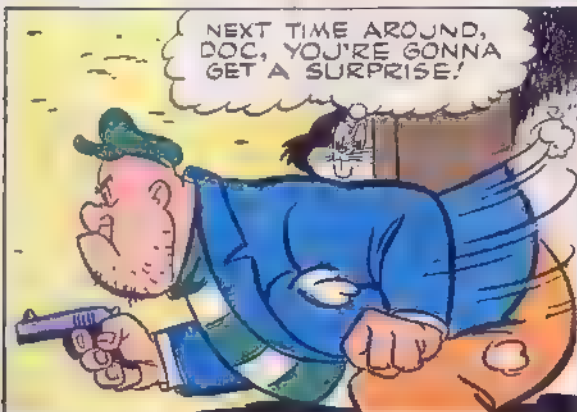
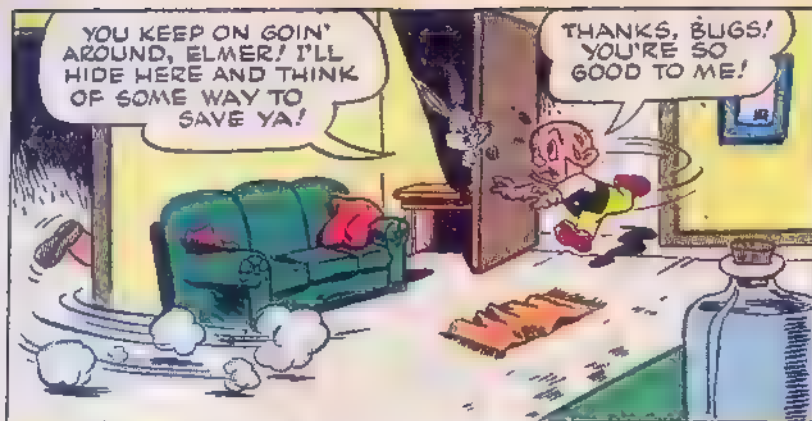


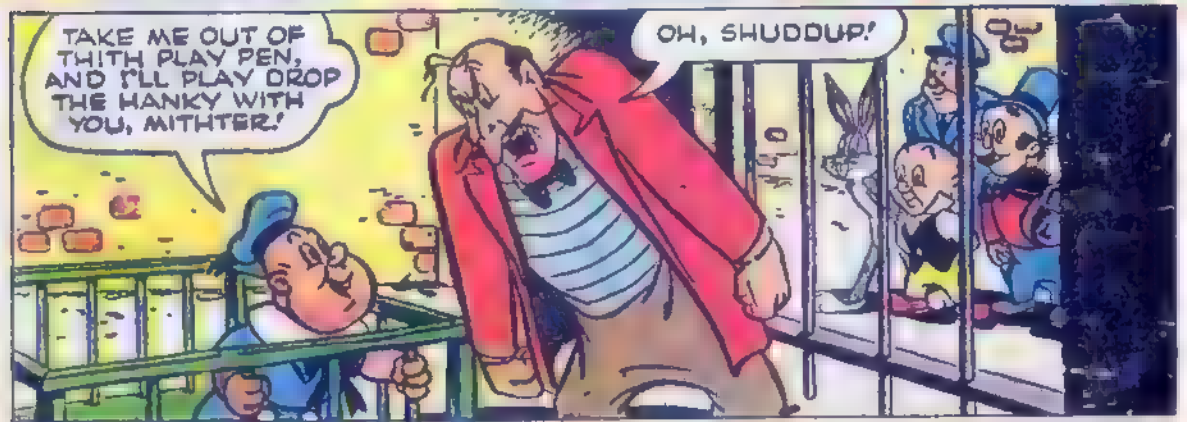
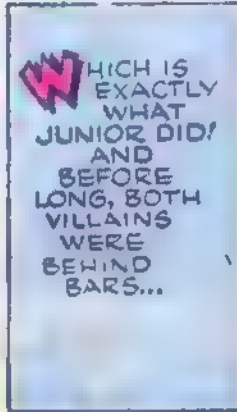
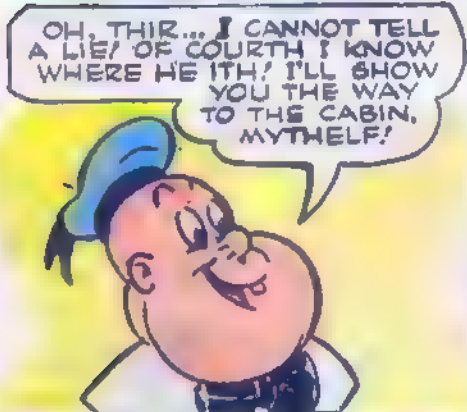
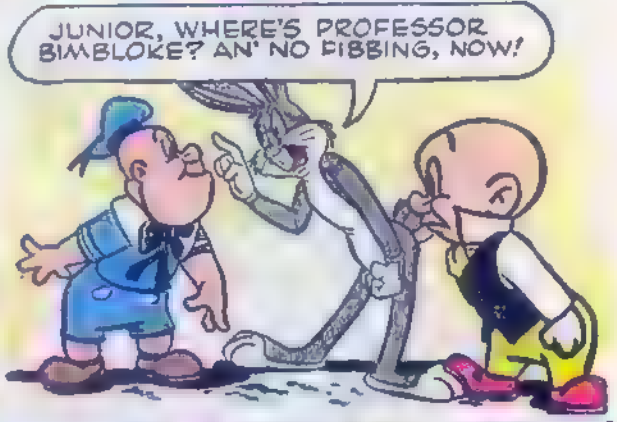
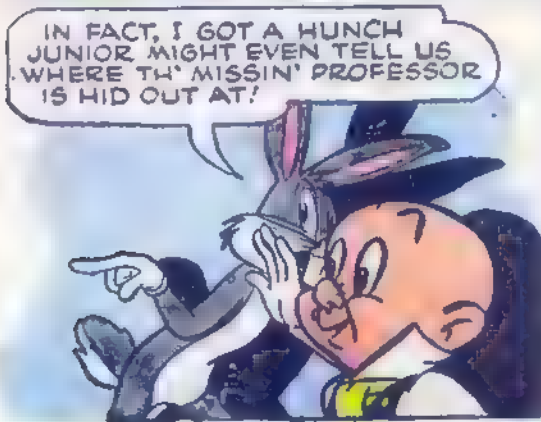
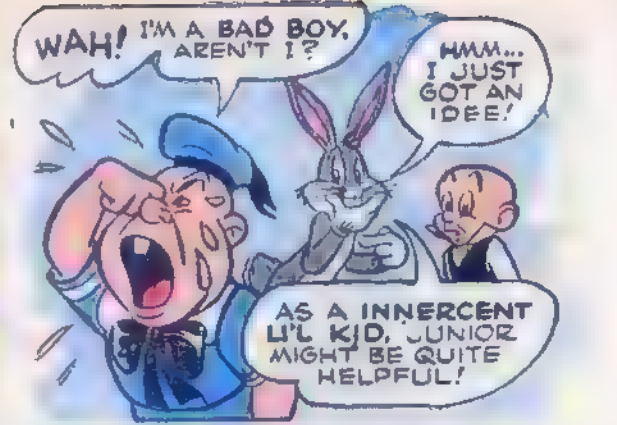
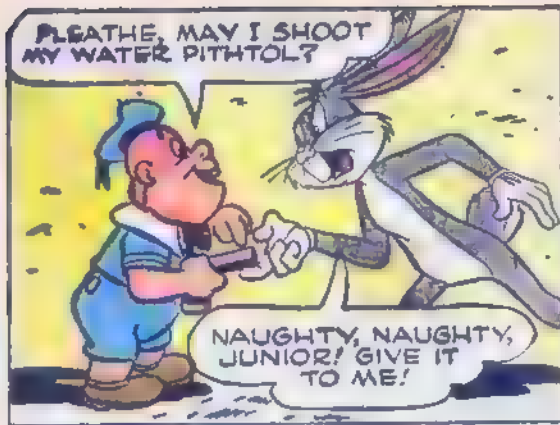


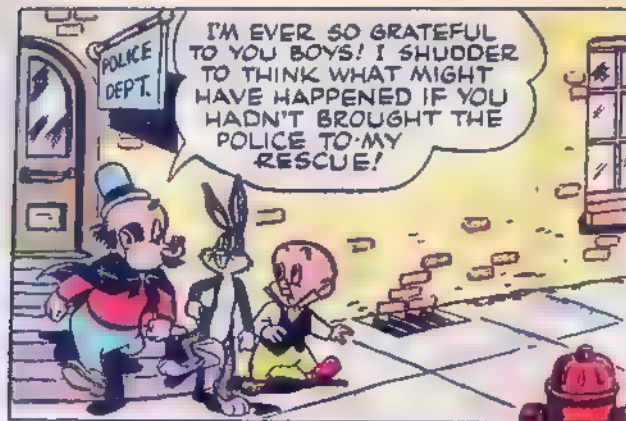




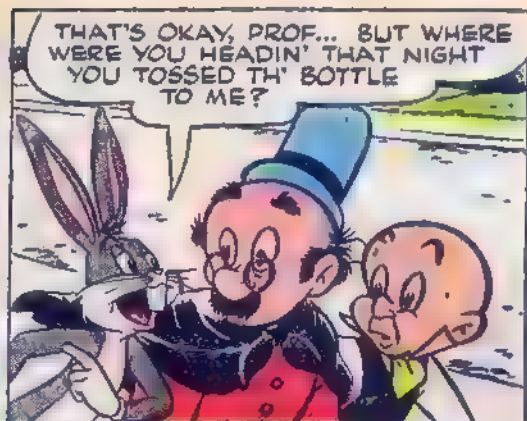




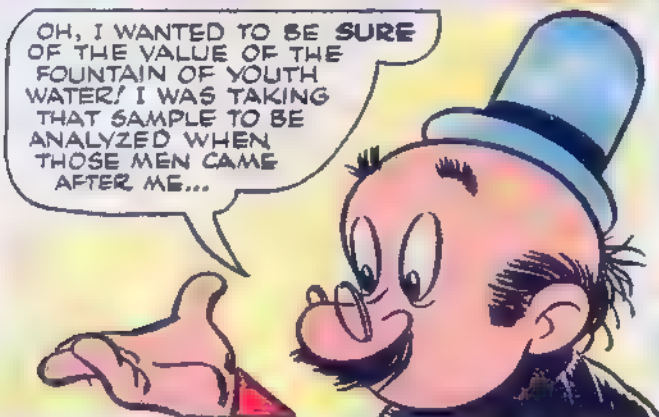




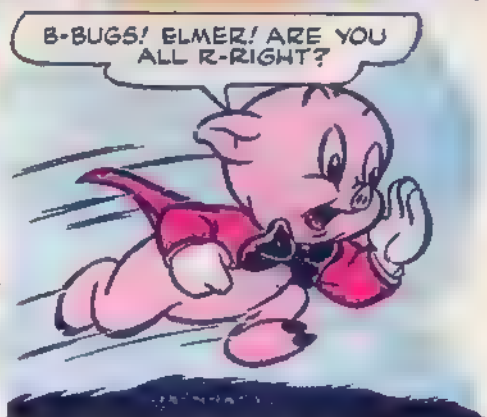
I'M EVER SO GRATEFUL TO YOU BOYS! I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T BROUGHT THE POLICE TO MY RESCUE!



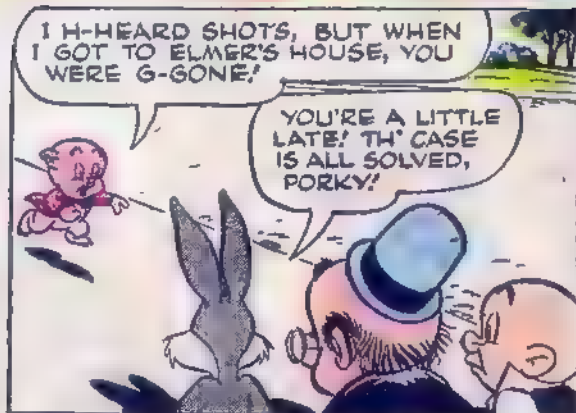
THAT'S OKAY, PROF... BUT WHERE WERE YOU HEADIN' THAT NIGHT YOU TOSSED TH' BOTTLE TO ME?



OH, I WANTED TO BE SURE OF THE VALUE OF THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH WATER! I WAS TAKING THAT SAMPLE TO BE ANALYZED WHEN THOSE MEN CAME AFTER ME...

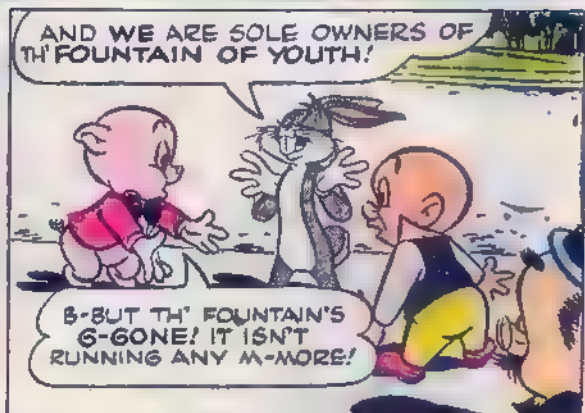


B-BUGS! ELMER! ARE YOU ALL R-R-RIGHT?



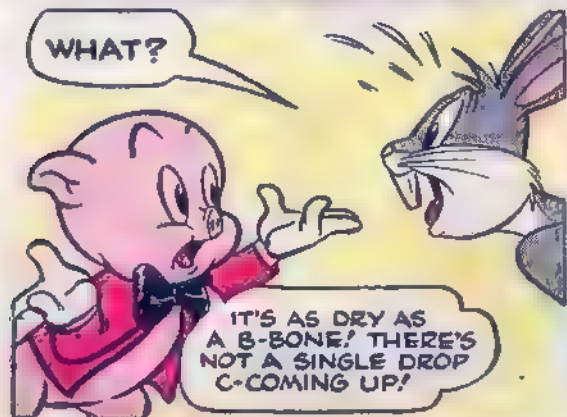
I H-HEARD SHOTS, BUT WHEN I GOT TO ELMER'S HOUSE, YOU WERE G-GONE!

YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE! TH' CASE IS ALL SOLVED, PORKY!



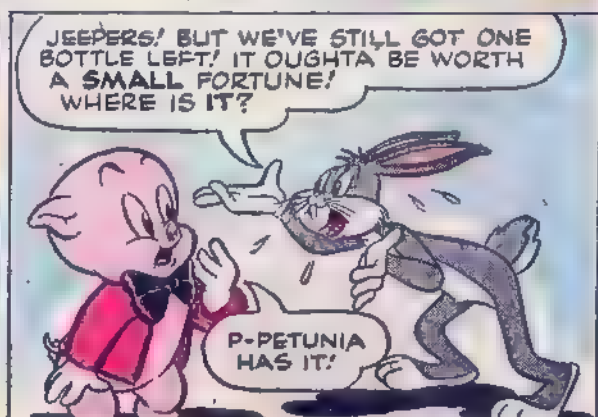
AND WE ARE SOLE OWNERS OF TH' FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

B-BUT TH' FOUNTAIN'S G-GONE! IT ISN'T RUNNING ANY M-MORE!



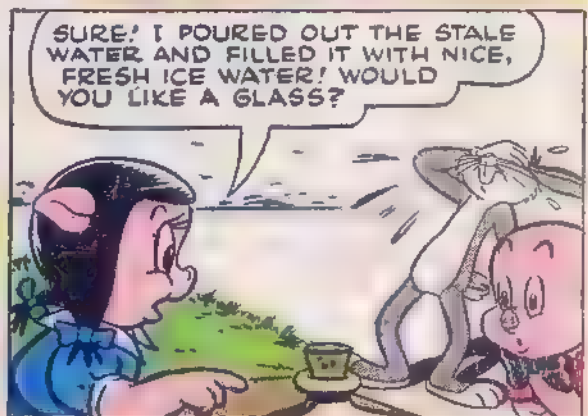
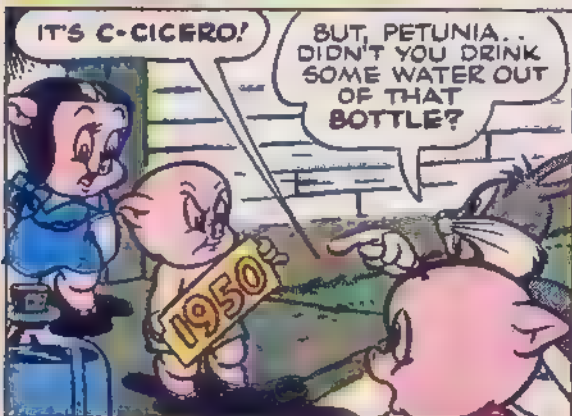
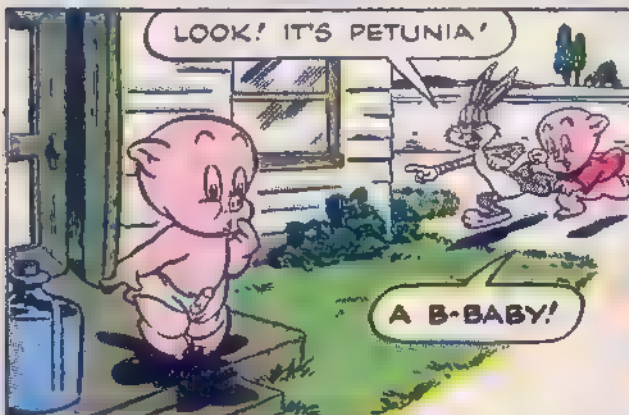
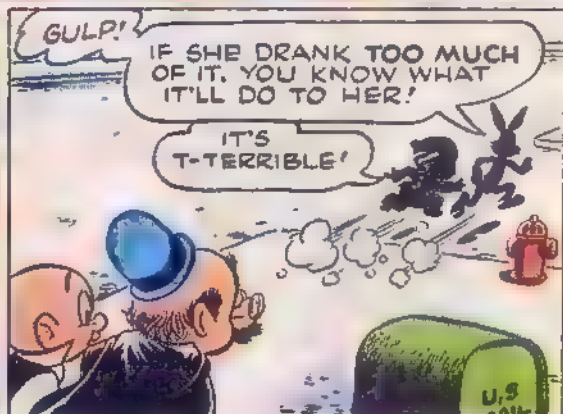
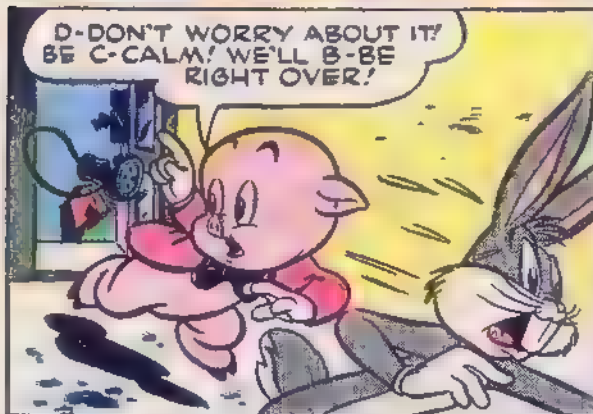
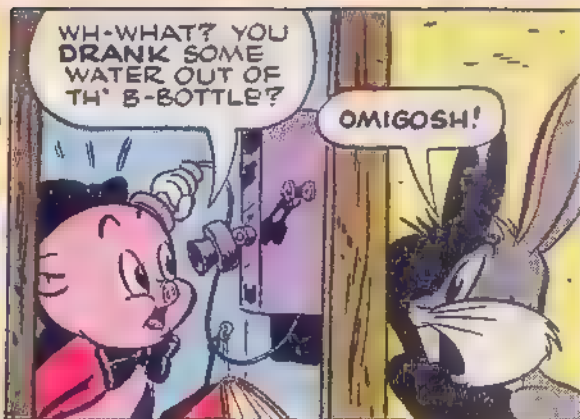
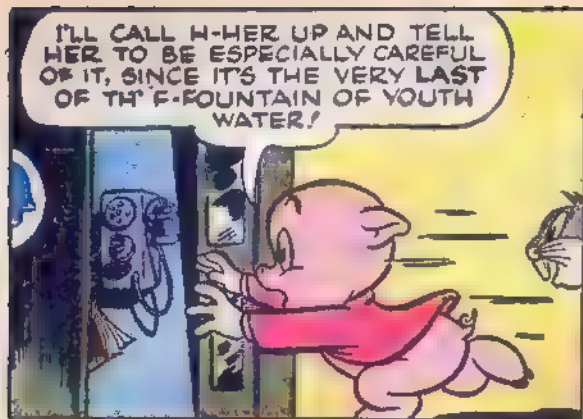
WHAT?

IT'S AS DRY AS A B-BONE! THERE'S NOT A SINGLE DROP C-COMING UP!



JEEPERS! BUT WE'VE STILL GOT ONE BOTTLE LEFT! IT OUGHTA BE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE! WHERE IS IT?

P-PETUNIA HAS IT!



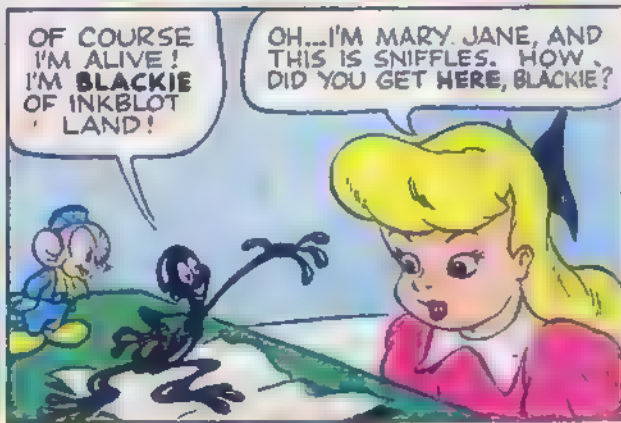
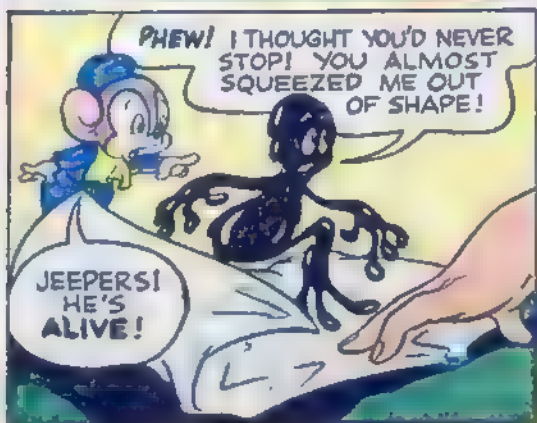
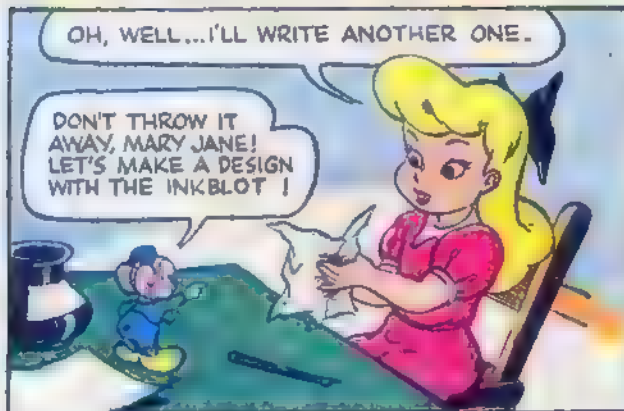
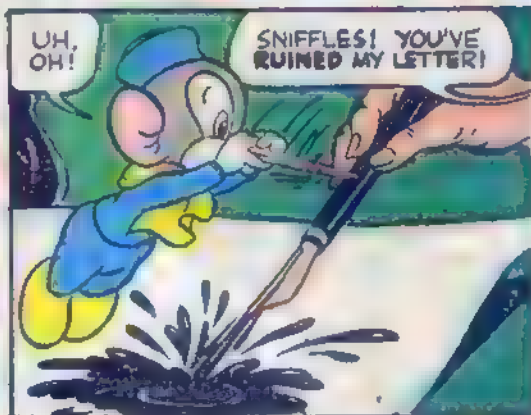
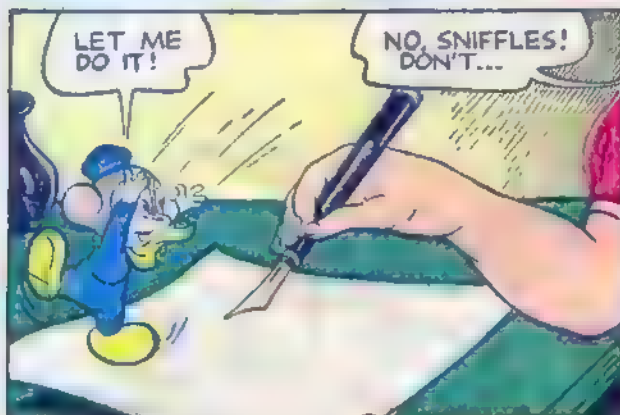
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
Present

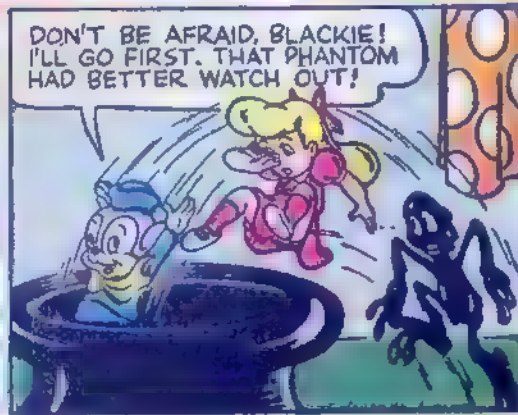
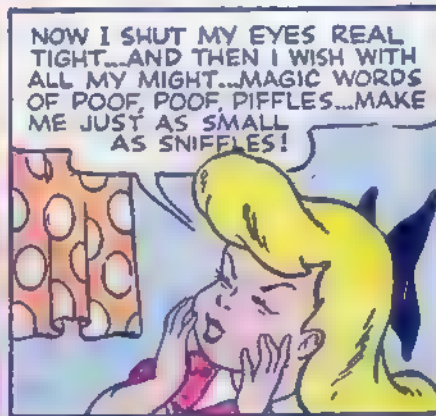
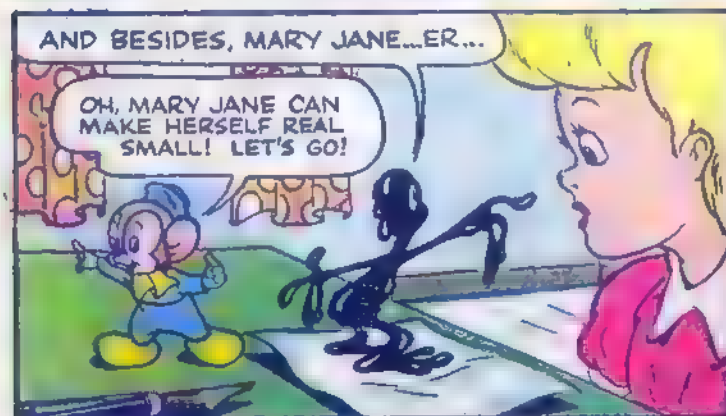
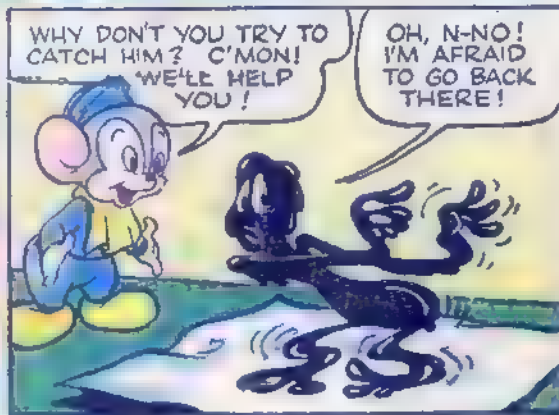
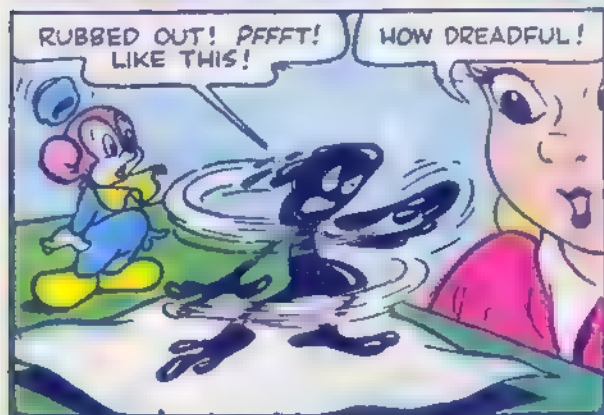
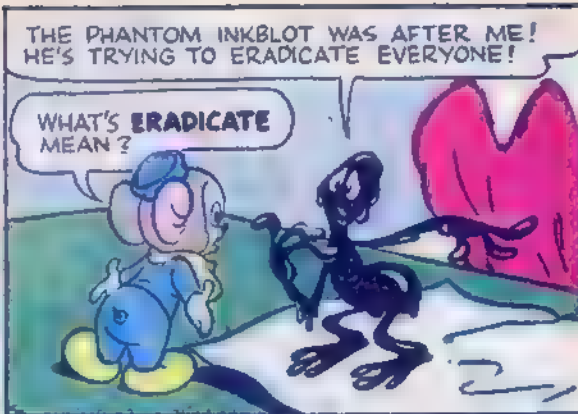
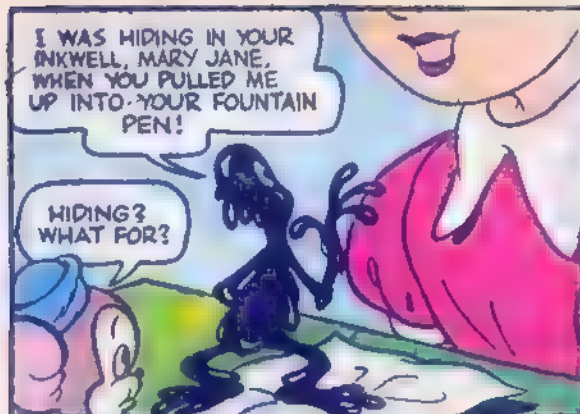
SNIFFLES

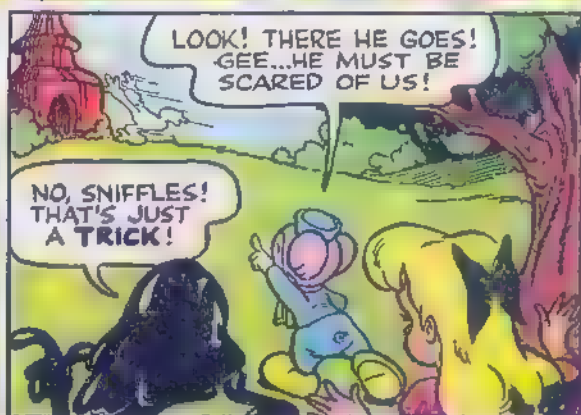
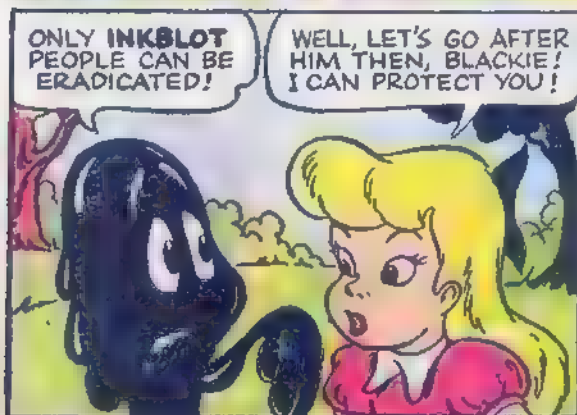
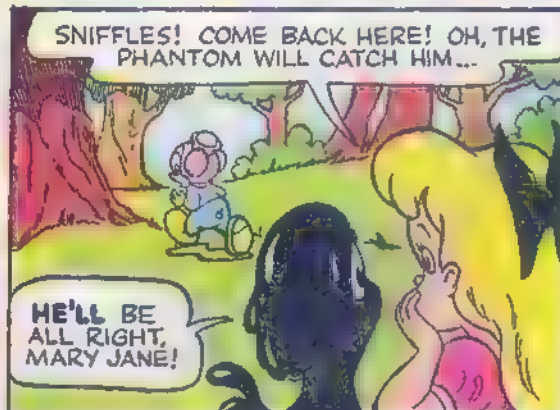
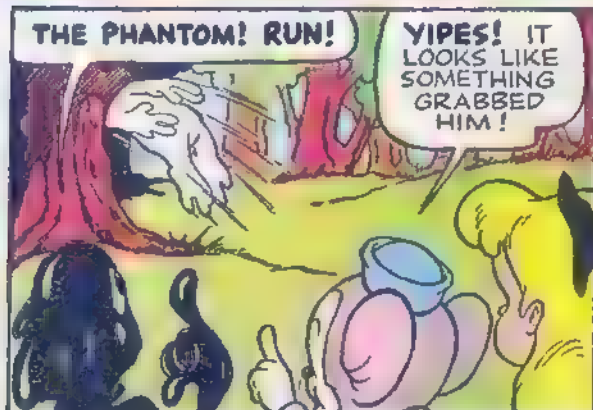
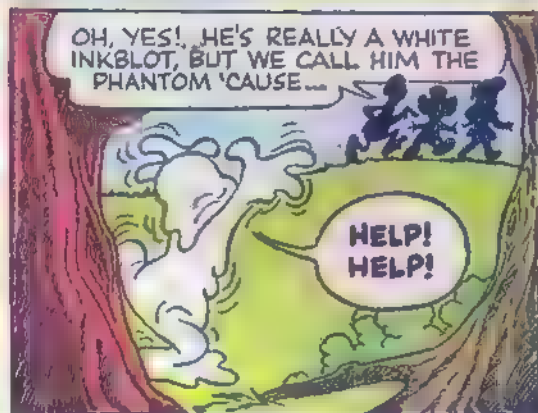
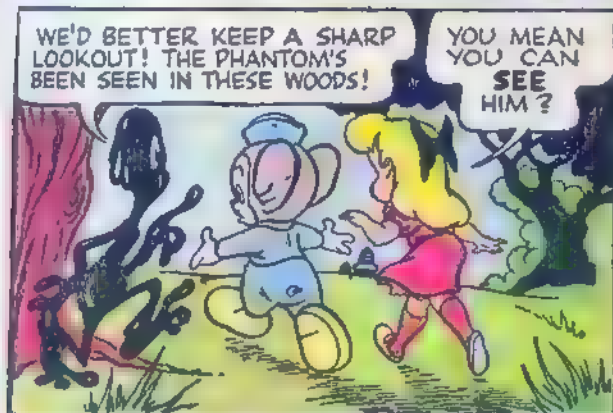
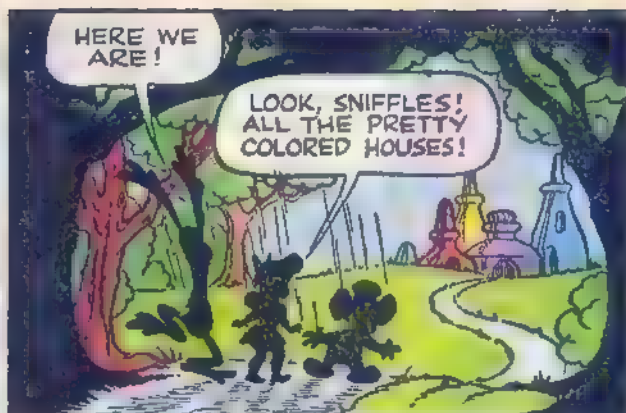
and
Mary Jane

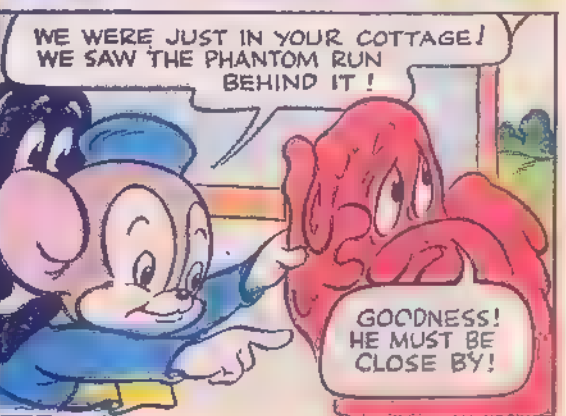
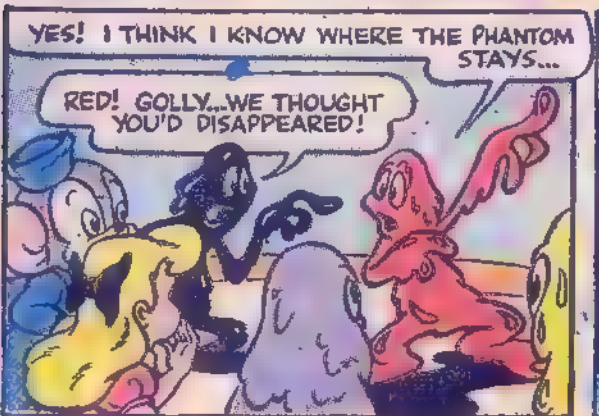
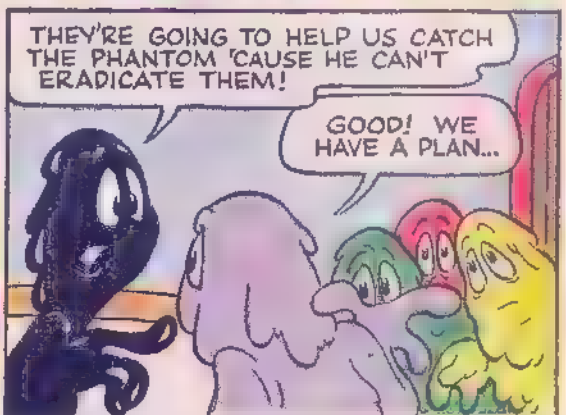
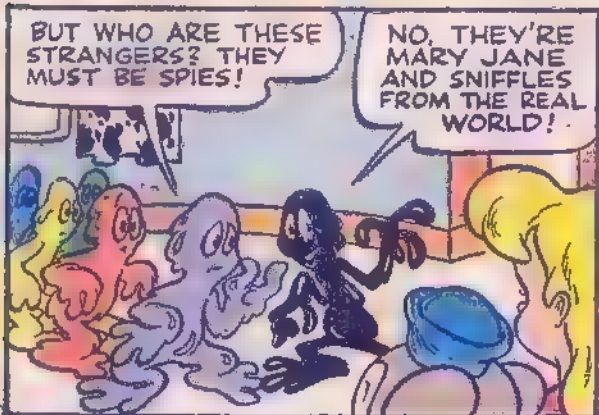
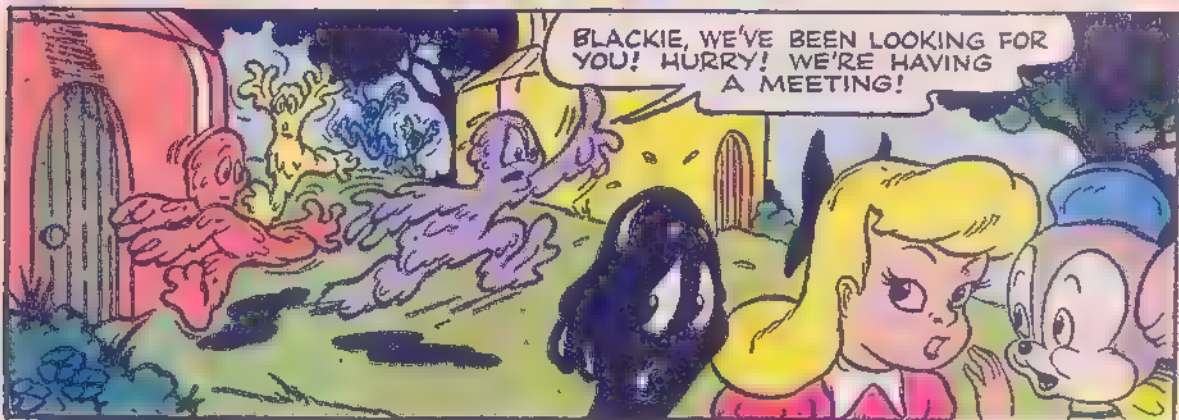
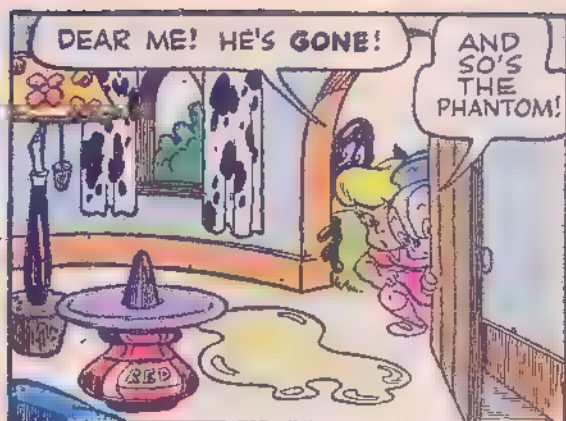
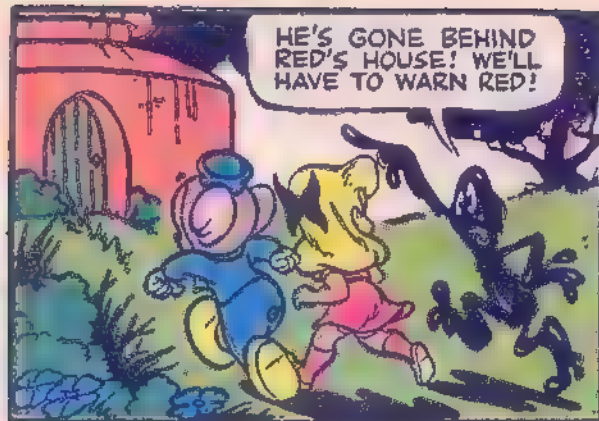
OH, DEAR! IS THIS PEN
OUT OF INK AGAIN?

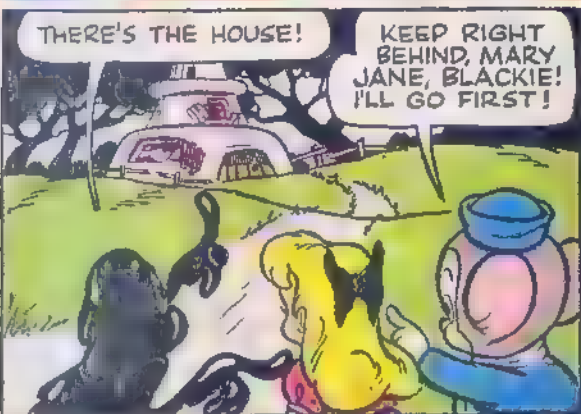
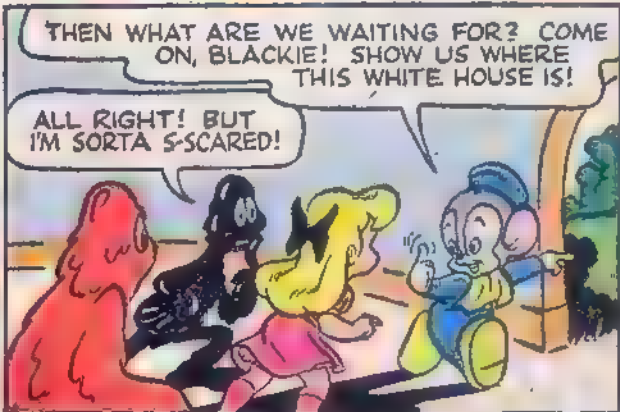
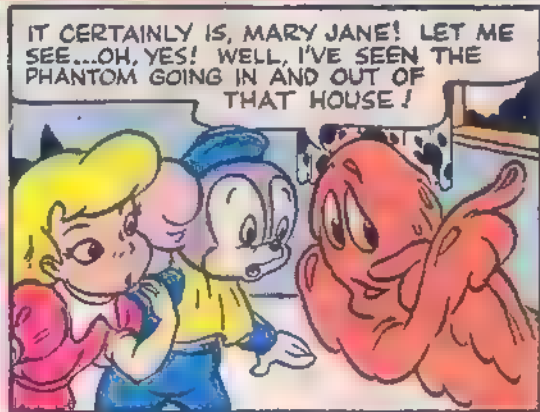
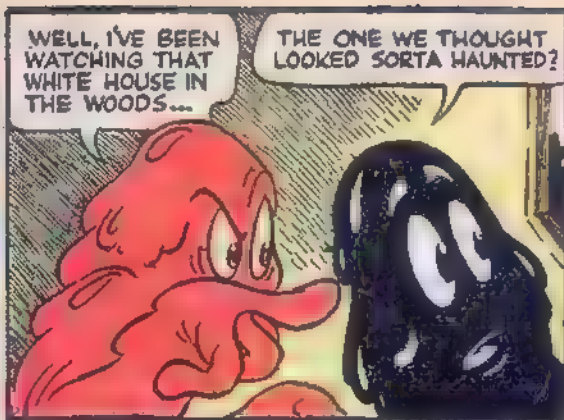
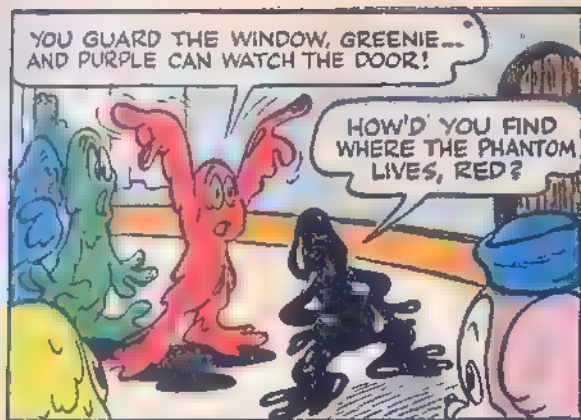
THAT'S NOT
THE WAY
TO FIND
OUT, MARY
JANE!

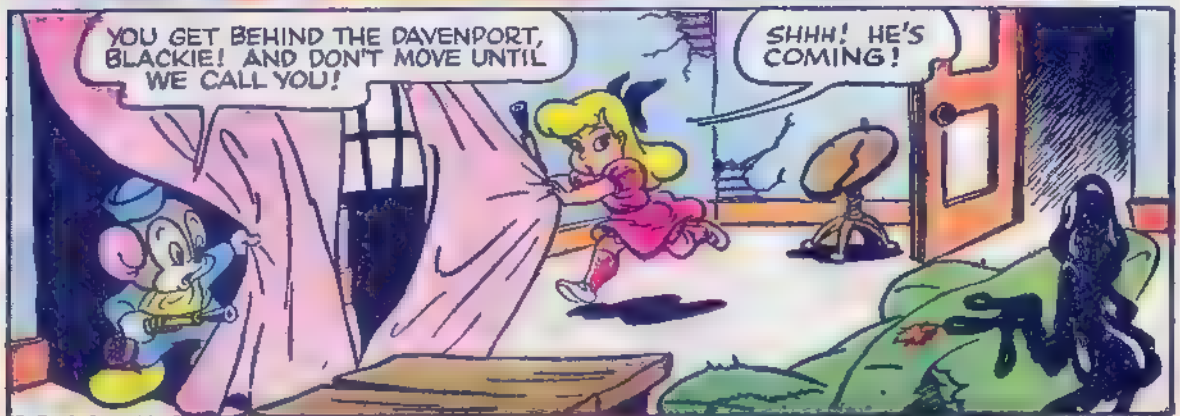
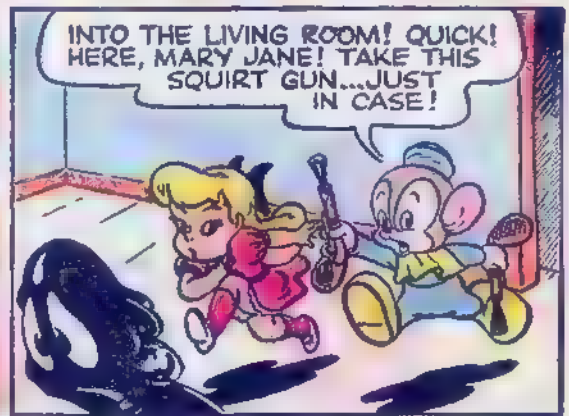
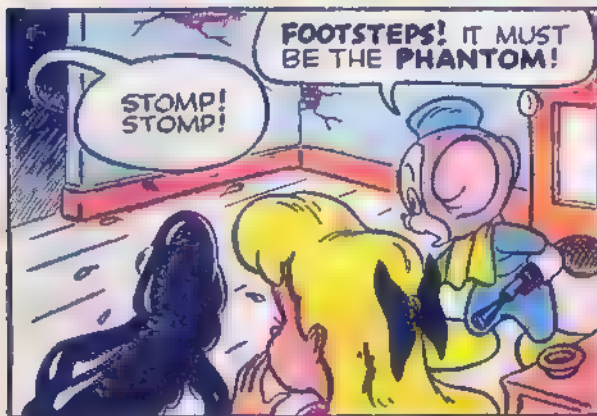
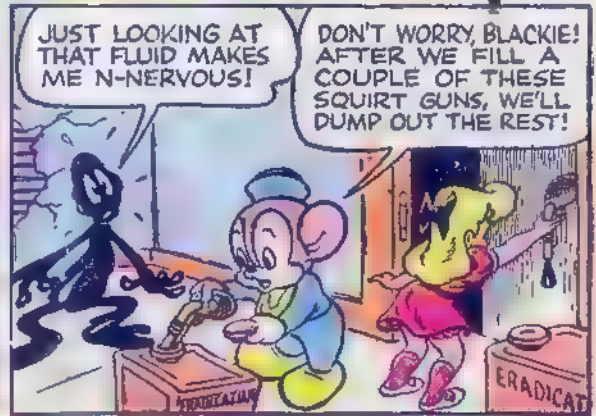
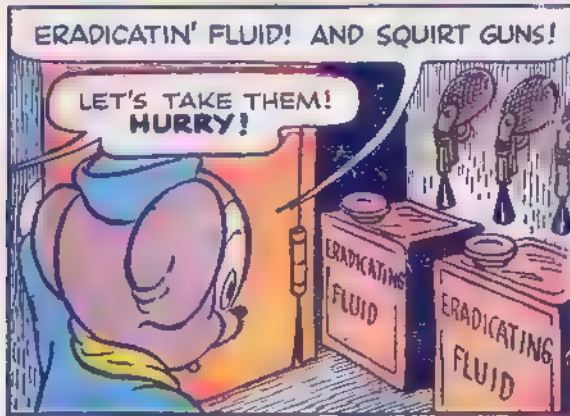
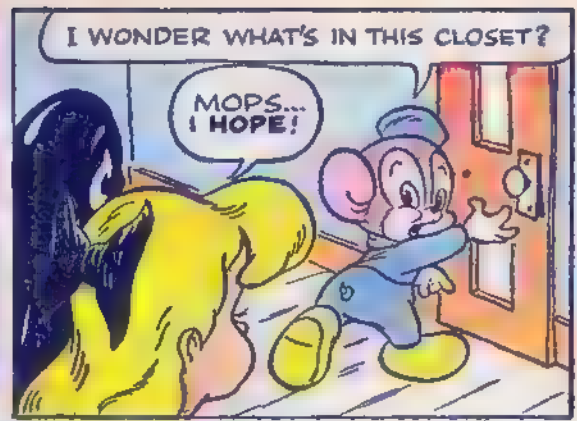
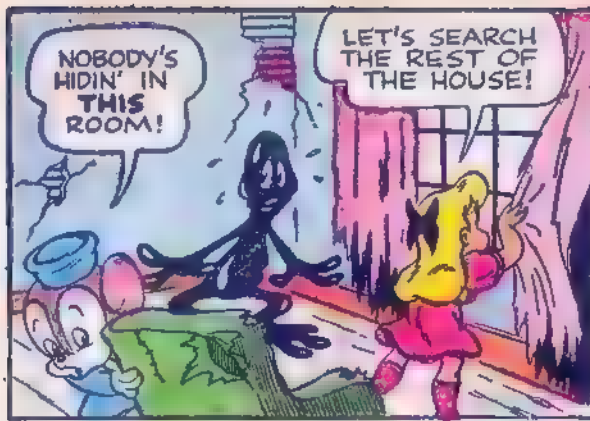


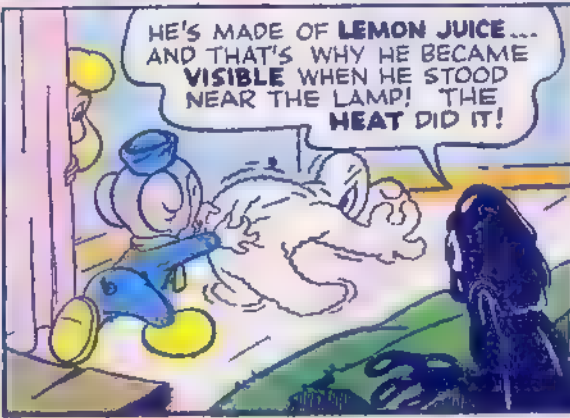
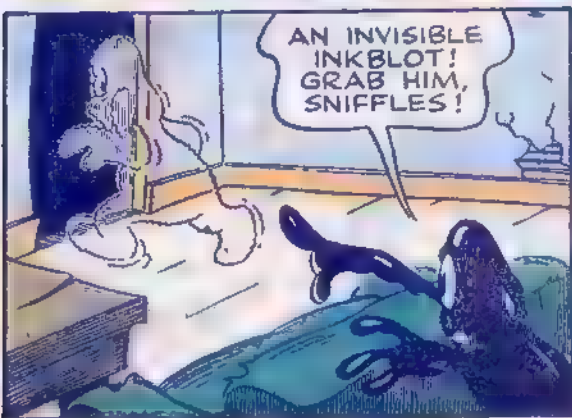
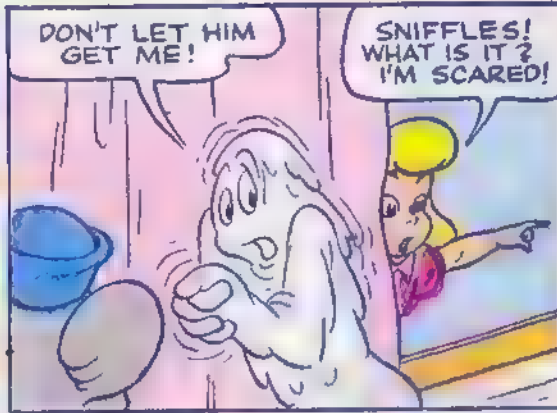
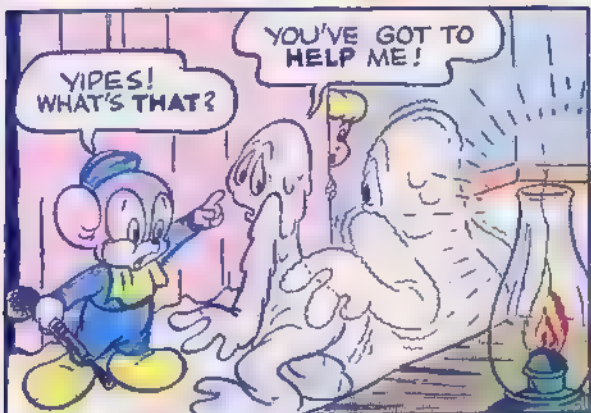
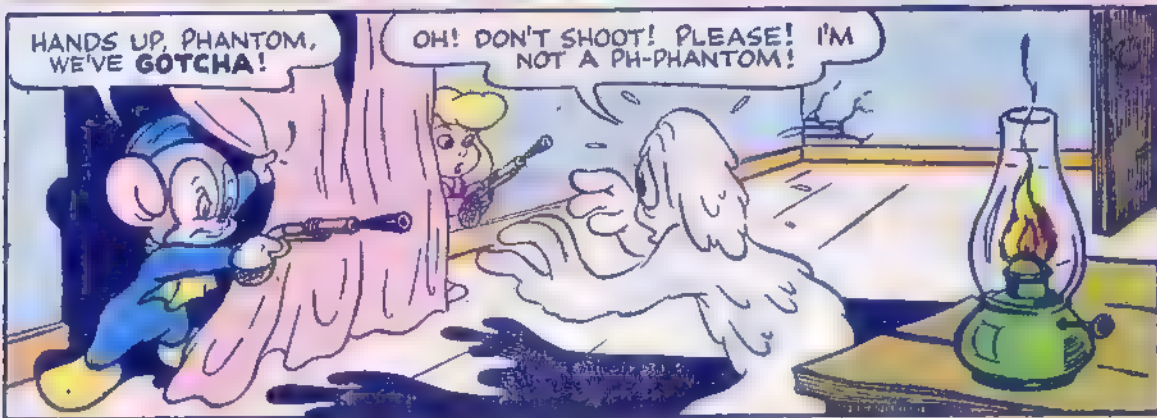
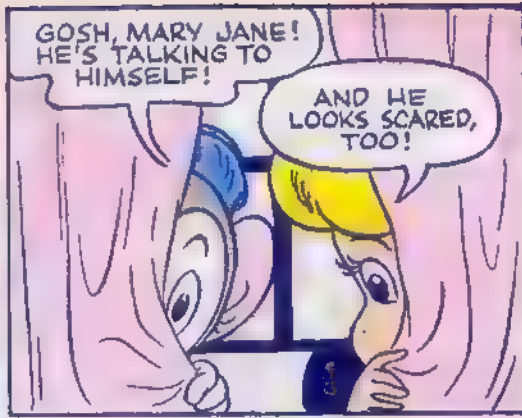
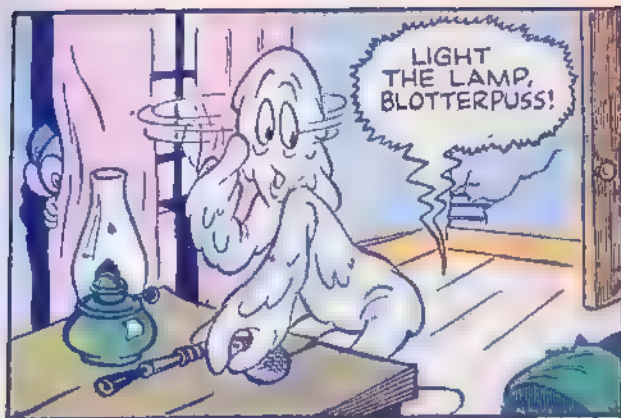


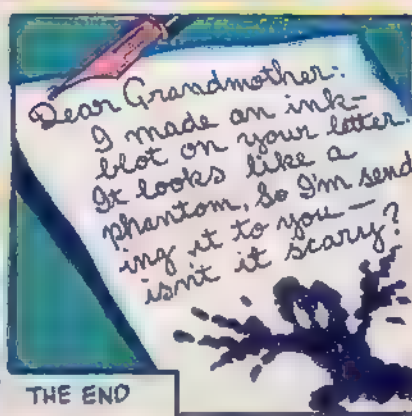
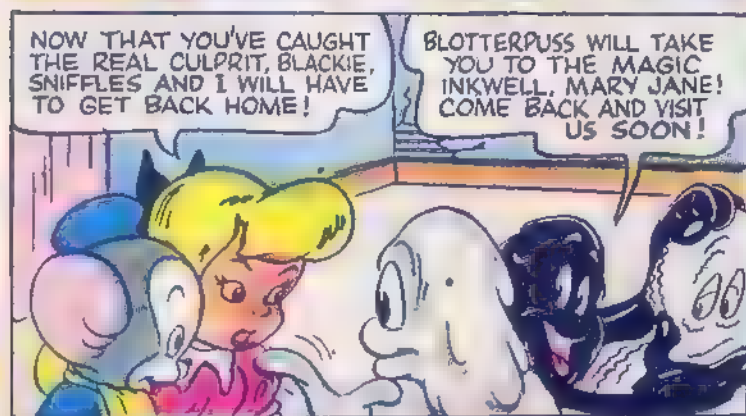
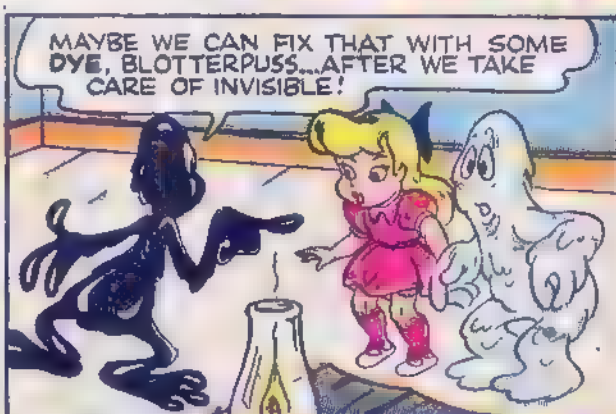
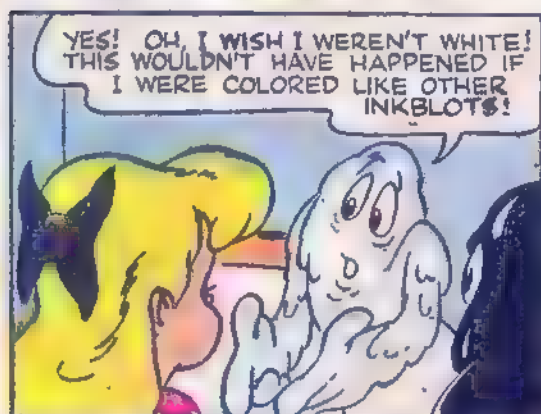
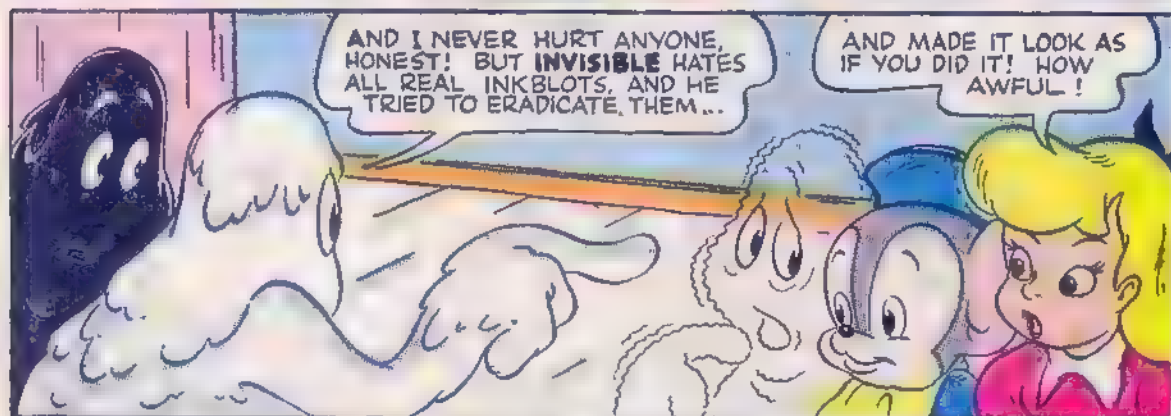
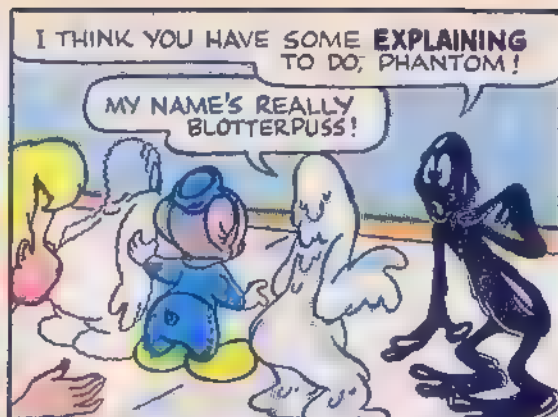
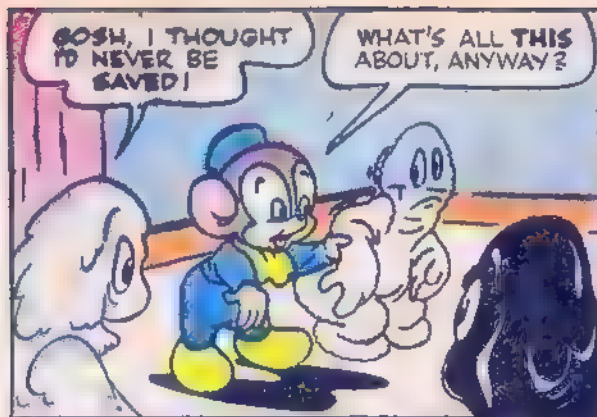












WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.,
PRESENT

PORKY PIG

I'M ENTERING A
S-SLED IN TH' BIG
RACE T-TOMORROW,
PETUNIA!

YOU
ARE....?

ANNUAL SLED RACE
COME ONE! COME ALL!
MONDAY, 10 A.M. AT
MCDOUGAL'S HILL

W-W-WELL AREN'T
YOU GOING TO
W-WISH ME
LUCK?

OH, SURE...
....GOOD
LUCK....

ANNUAL SLED RACE
COME ONE COME ALL
MONDAY 10 A.M.
AT MCDOUGAL'S HILL

YOU'LL
NEED
IT!

ANNUAL SLED RACE
COME ONE COME ALL
MONDAY 10 A.M. AT
MCDOUGAL'S HILL

HMM-MM....W-WONDER WHAT SHE MEANT
B-B-BY THAT? SHE DIDN'T SEEM 'A
BIT INTERESTED ABOUT M-ME ENTERING
THE RACE!

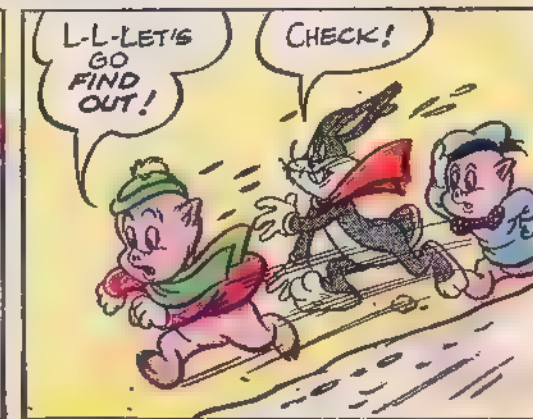
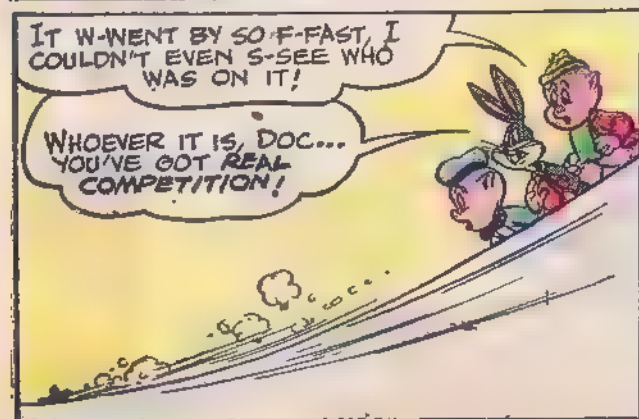
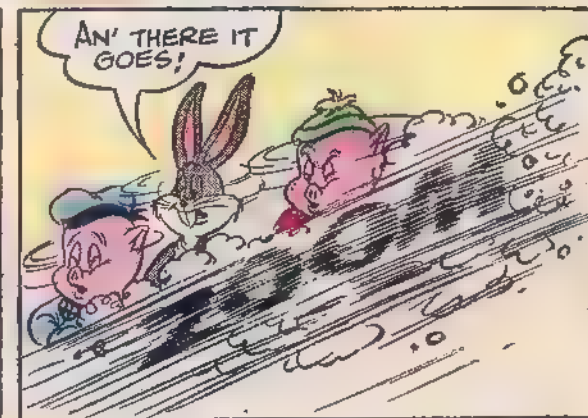
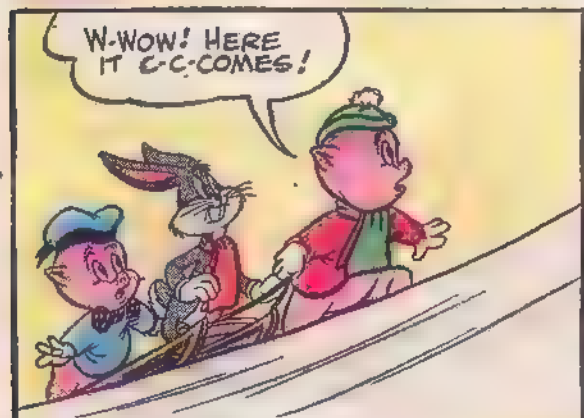
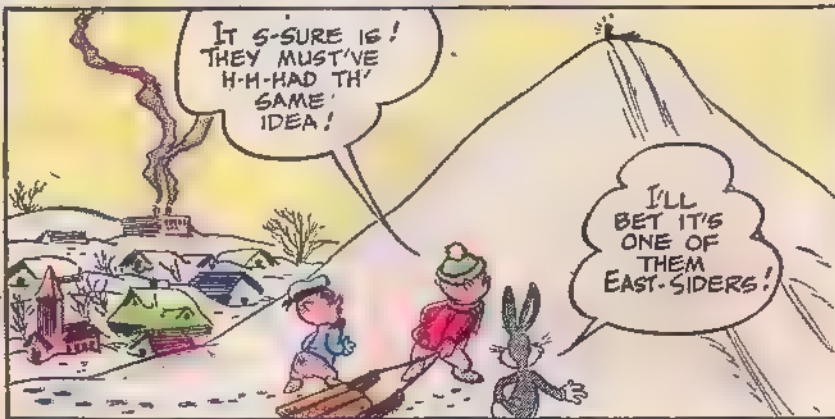
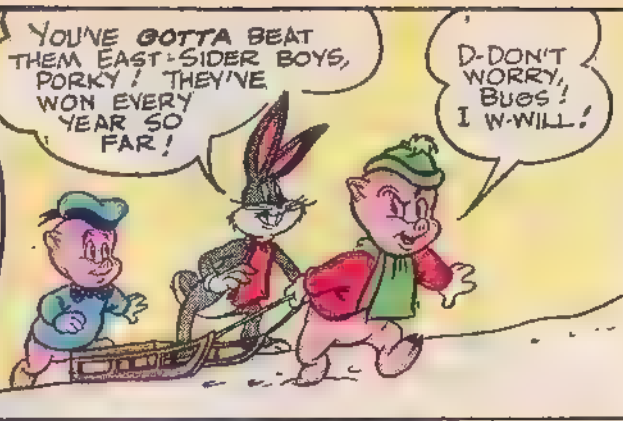
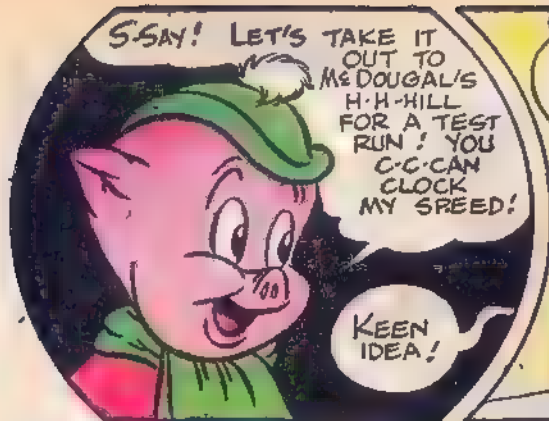
SHE P-PROBABLY THINKS IT'LL
BE TOO D-D-DANGEROUS FOR
M-ME!.... AFRAID I MIGHT GET
H-HURT!

TEE HEE! N-NOW
ISN'T THAT
JUST L-LIKE
A GIRL!

H-HOW'S
IT
COMIN',
FELLOWS?

SWELL! WE
WERE
JUST
POLISHIN'
IT UP
FOR
YA!

WE HAVE TO MAKE
IT LOOK GOOD...
... 'CAUSE WE
HELPED BUILD
IT!



PETUNIA!

HELLO, BOYS! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT SLOWED ME
DOWN THAT TIME! PERHAPS
THE WIND WAS AGAINST ME!

P.P. PETUNIA!
YOU'RE SURELY
N-N-NOT
GOING
TO.....

YOU WOULDN'T! YOU
COULDN'T!

AND WHY
NOT?

THERE'S NO LAW
AGAINST GIRLS ENTERING
THE SLED RACE, IS
THERE?

WELL...
NO,
BUT....

UNTIL
TOMORROW THEN,
BOYS....
BYE-BYE!

SHE
C-CAN'T
DO
THIS
T-TO
US!

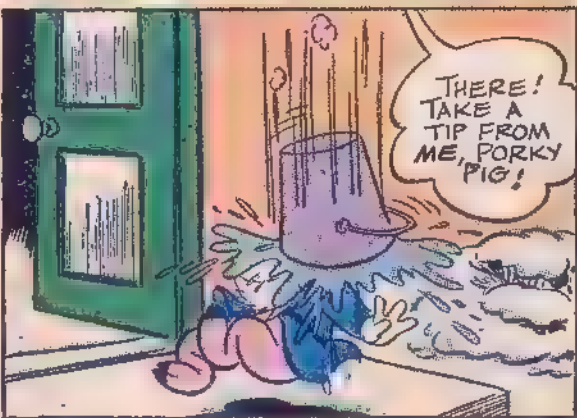
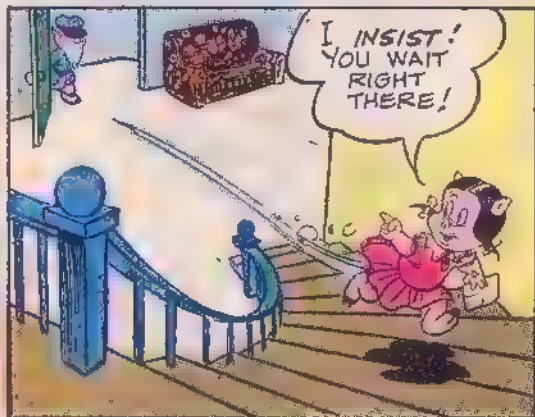
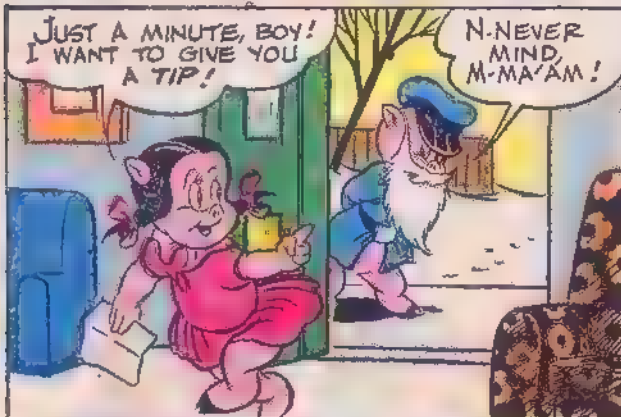
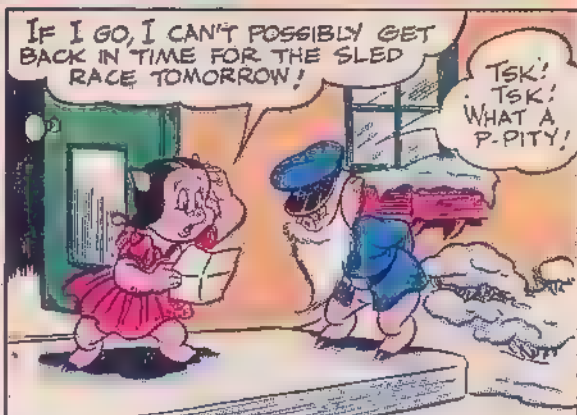
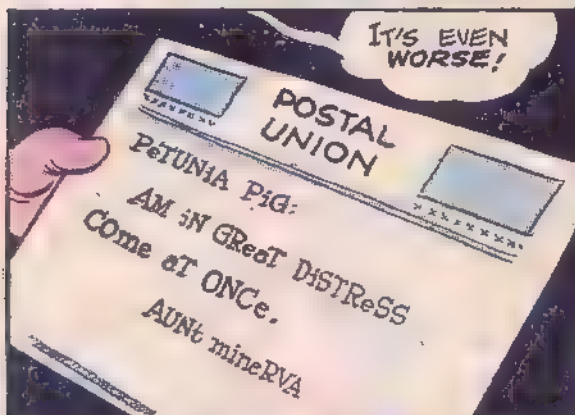
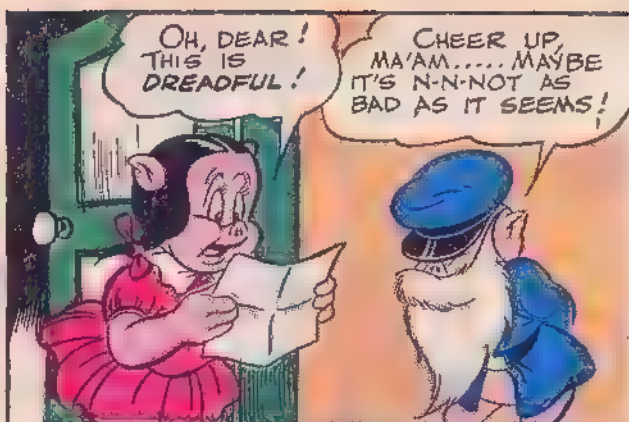
IT'D BE BAD ENOUGH TO
GET BEAT BY THE EAST-
SIDER BOYS, BUT IF A
GIRL BEAT US, IT'D BE
A MAJOR CATASTERFEE!

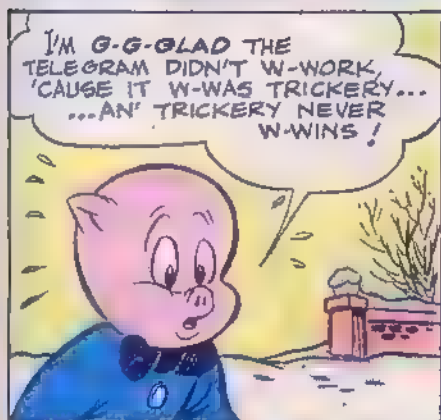
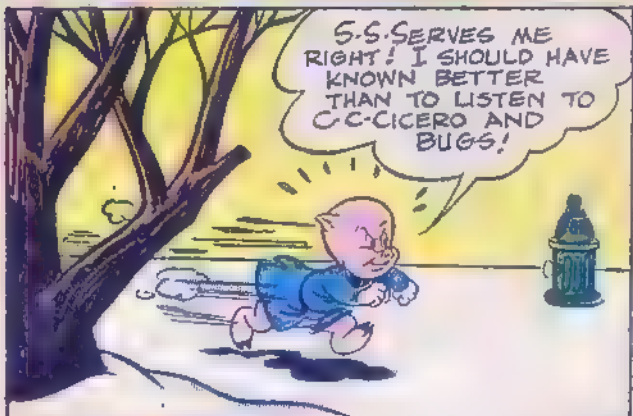
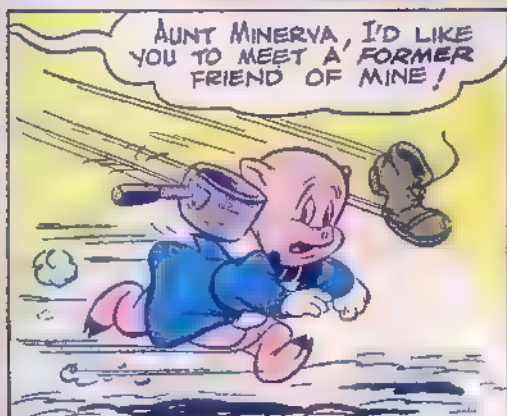
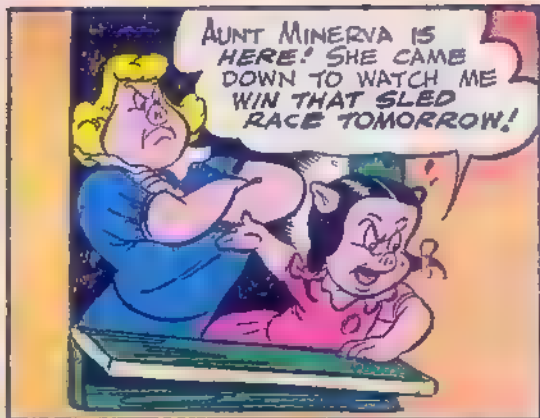
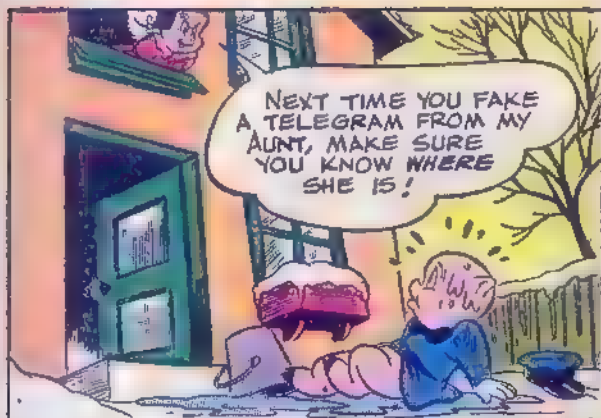
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS STOP CRYIN' AN'
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

D-DO?

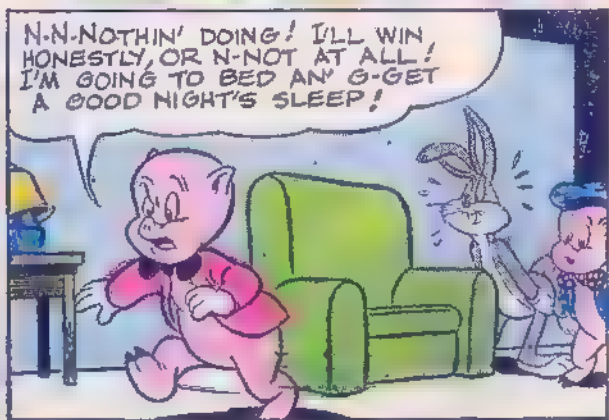
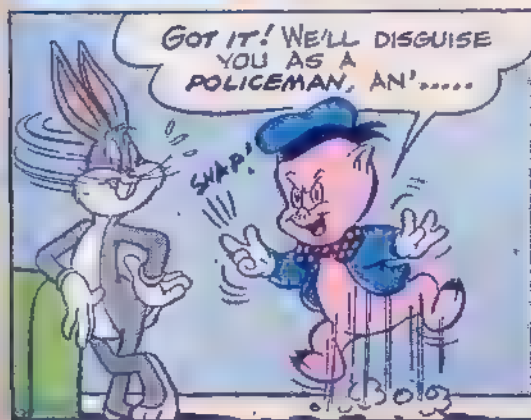
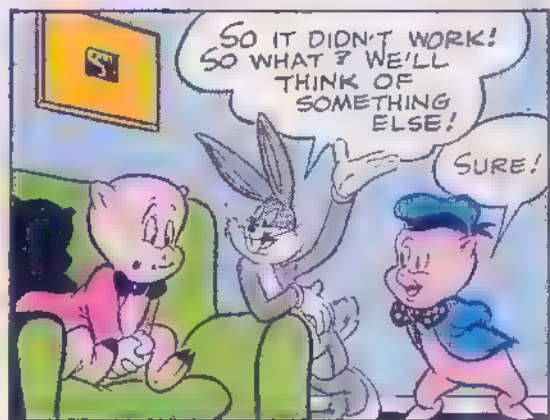
DO
WHAT?

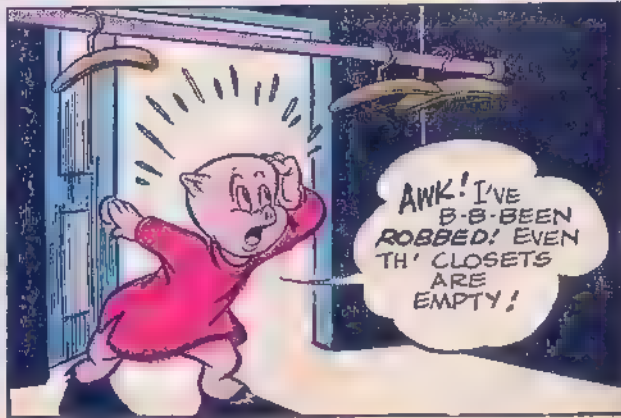
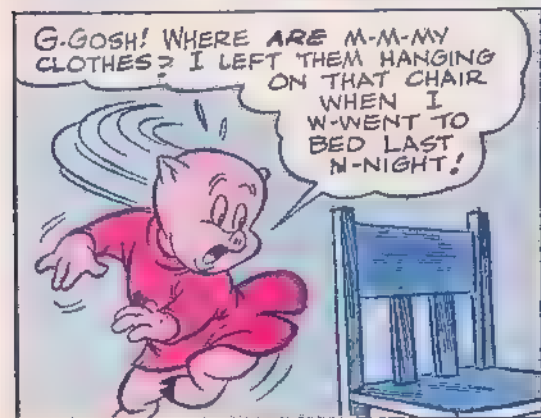
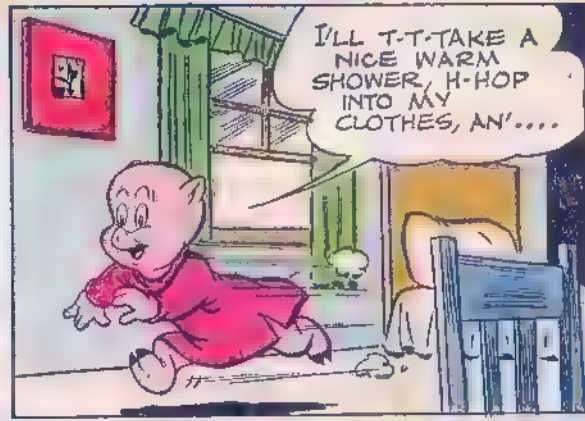
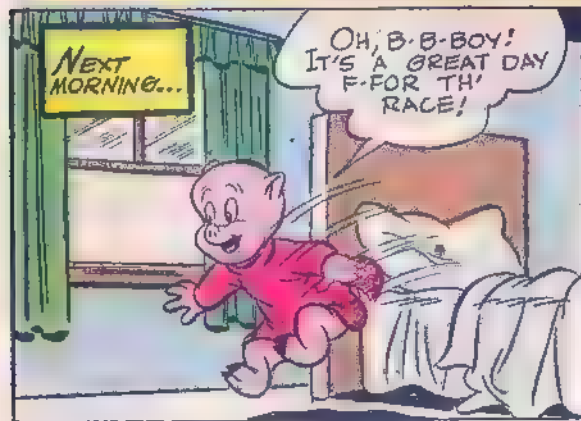
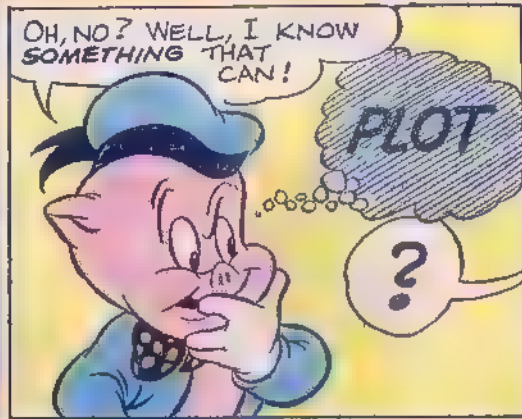
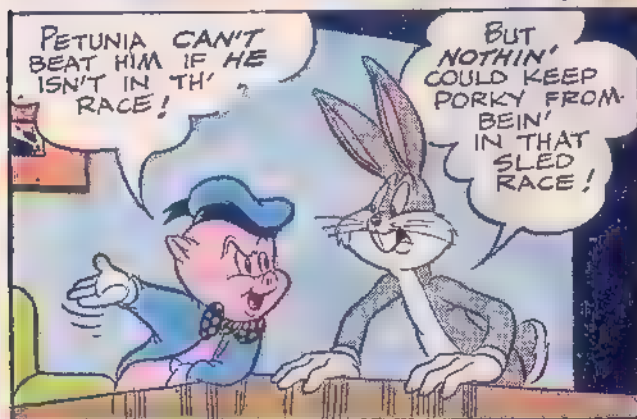
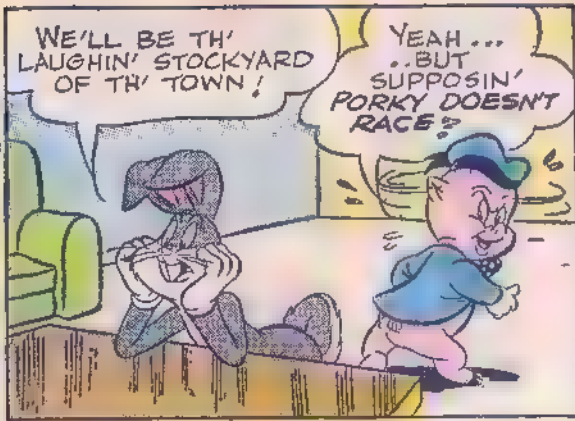
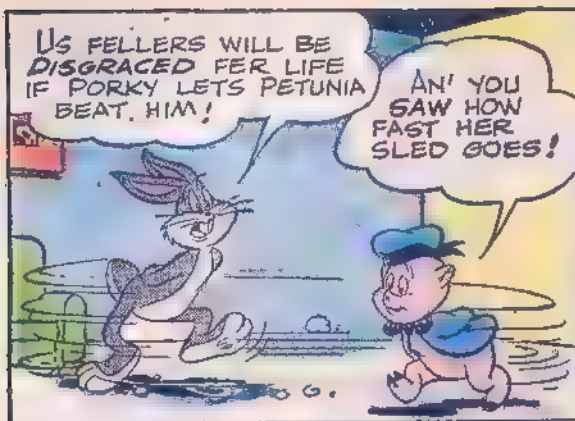
I HAPPEN TO KNOW PETUNIA HAS AN
AUNT WHO LIVES OUT OF TOWNY NOW,
IF SHE SHOULD HAPPEN TO GET A
TELEGRAM.....

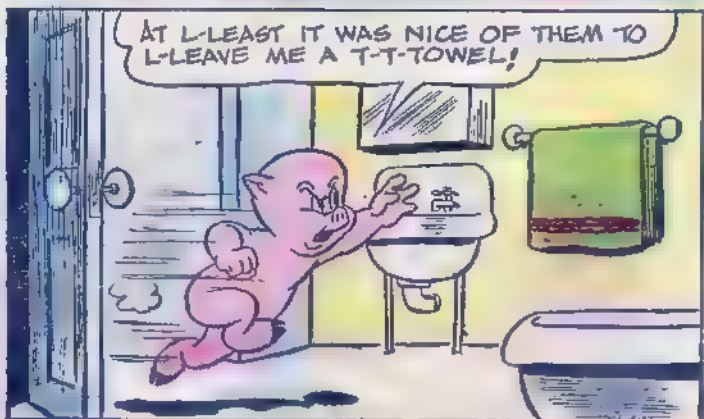
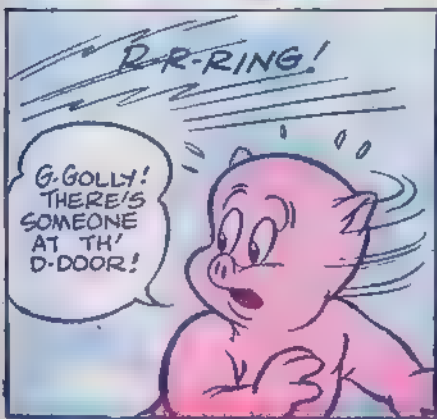
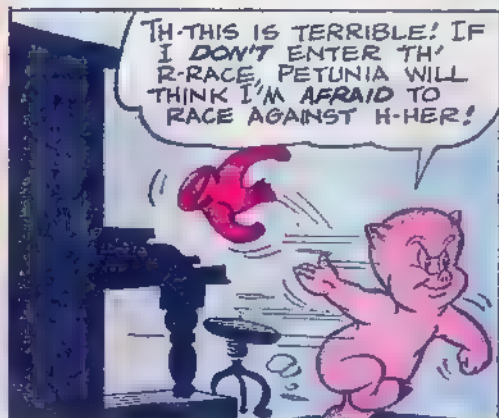
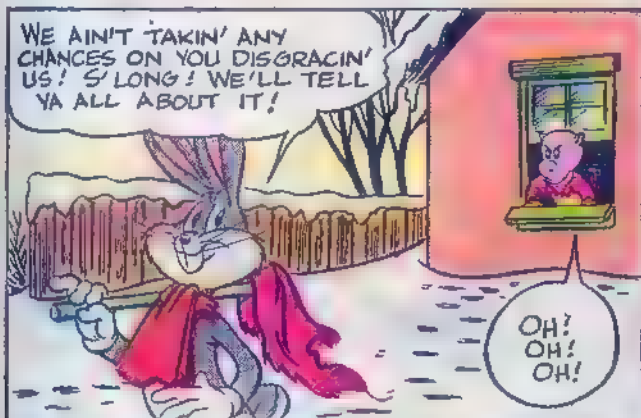
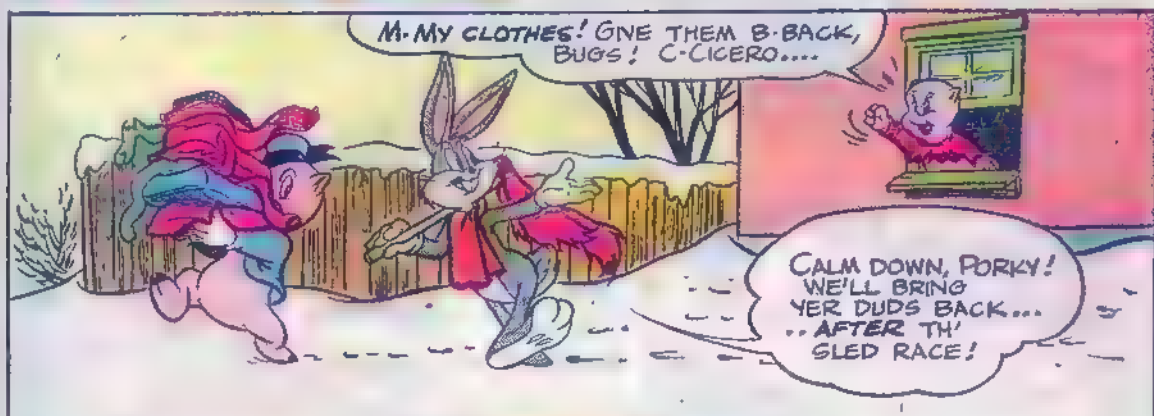
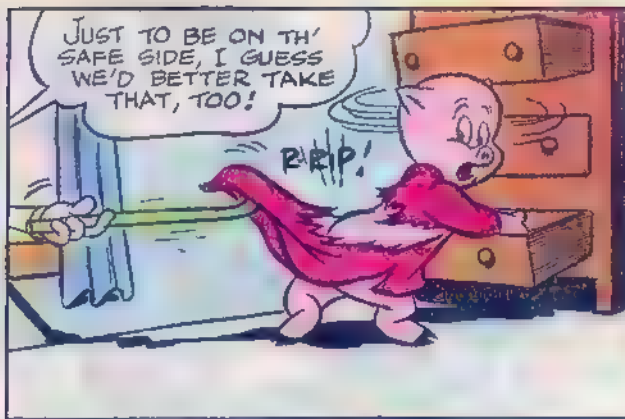
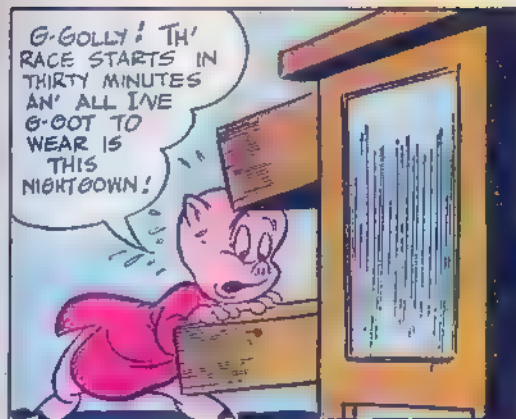


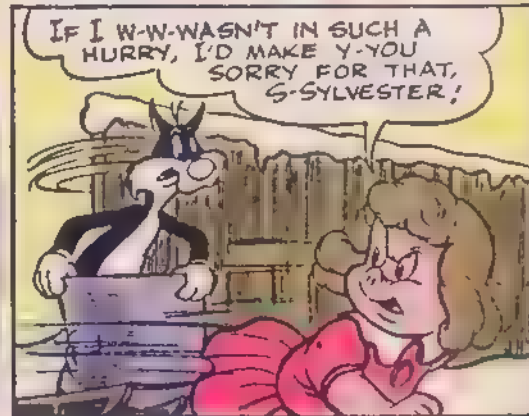
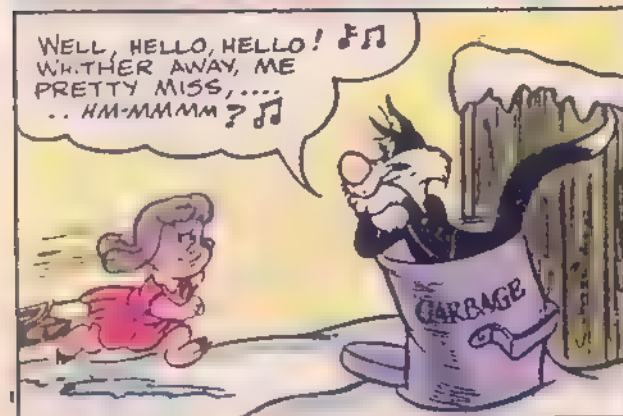
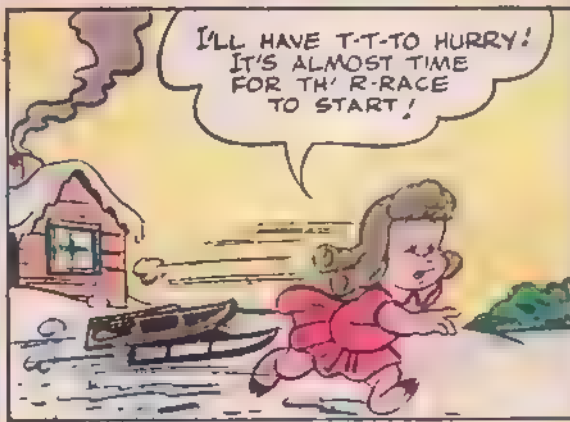
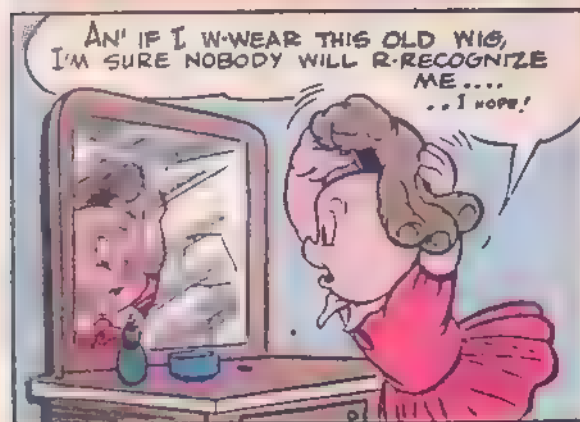
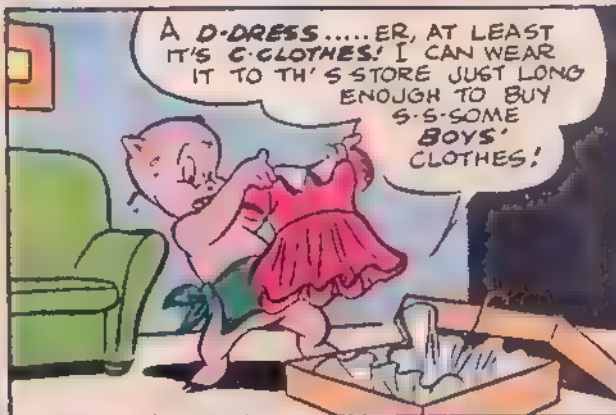
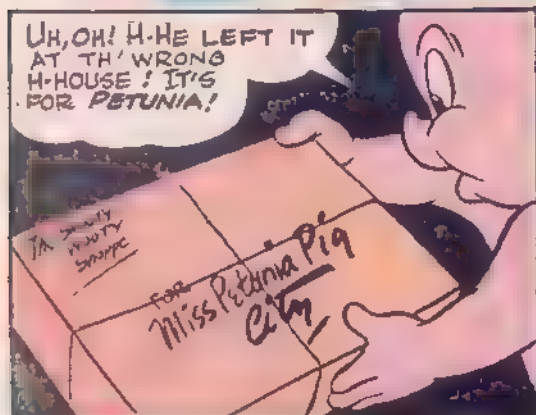
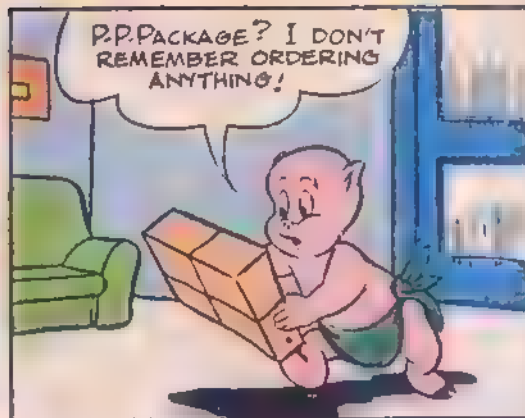
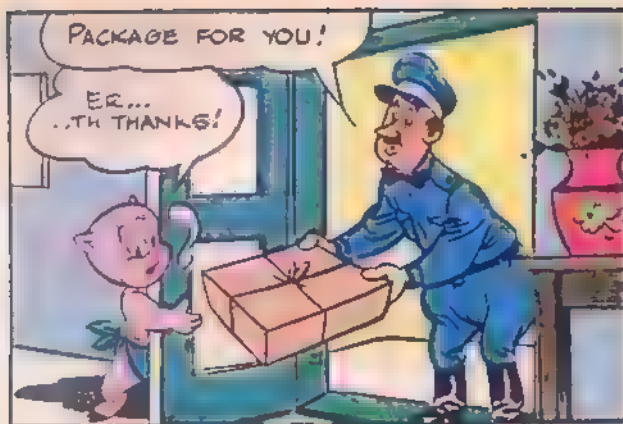


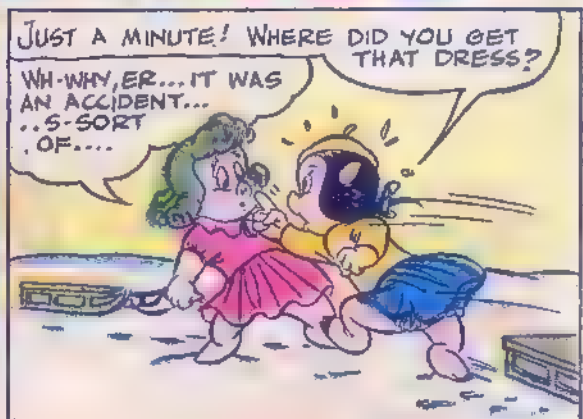
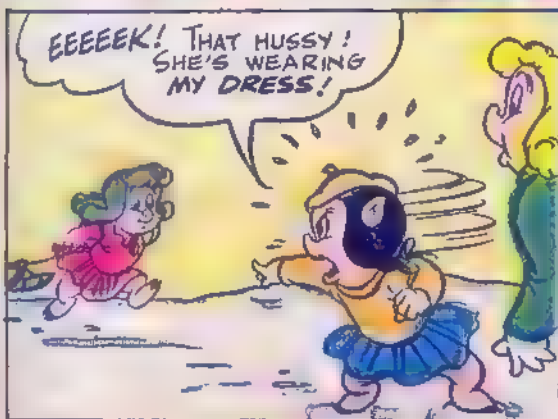
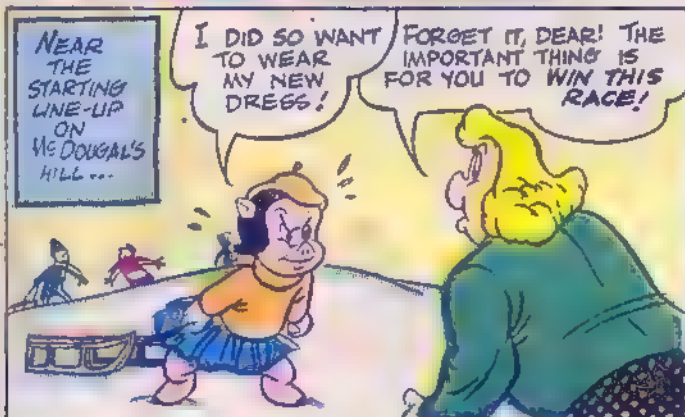
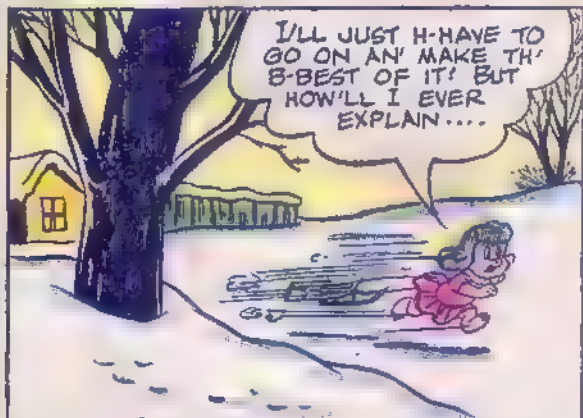
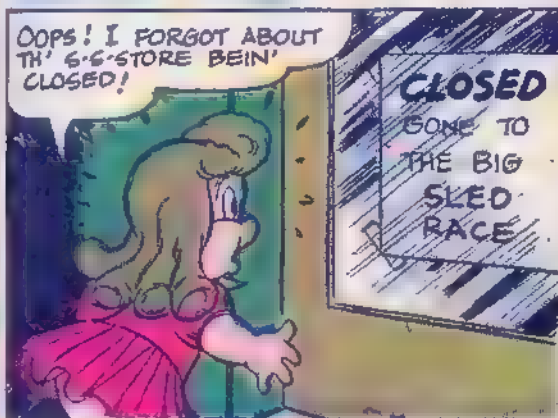
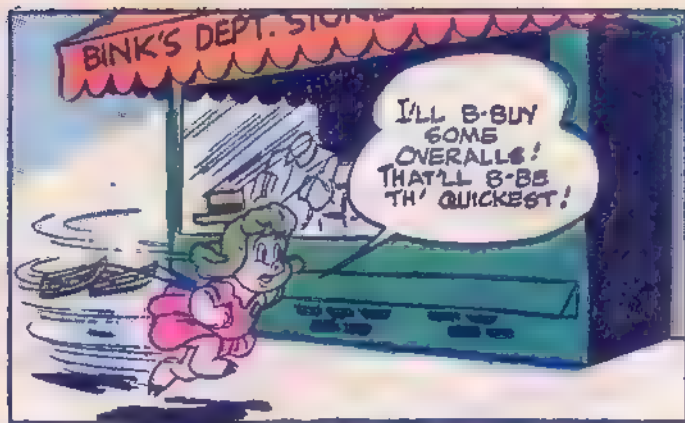
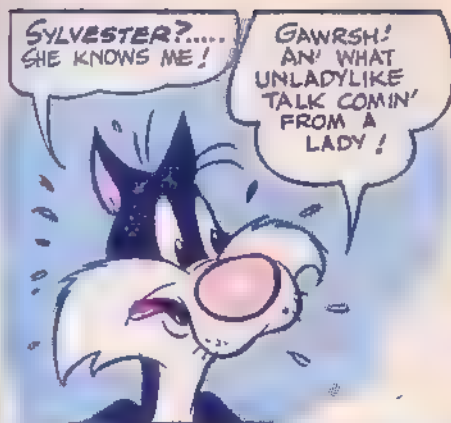
*BUT
BUGS
AND
CICERO
HAVE
OTHER
IDEAS!*

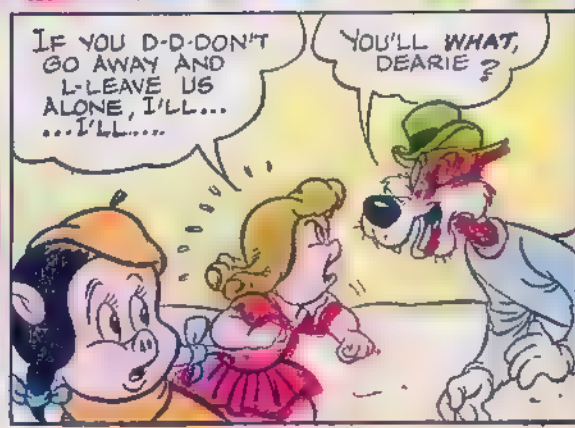
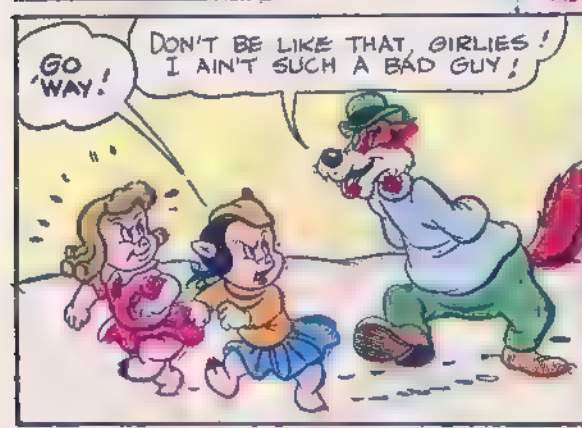
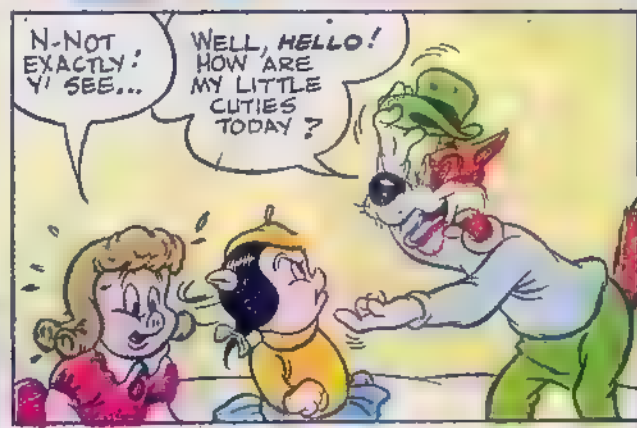
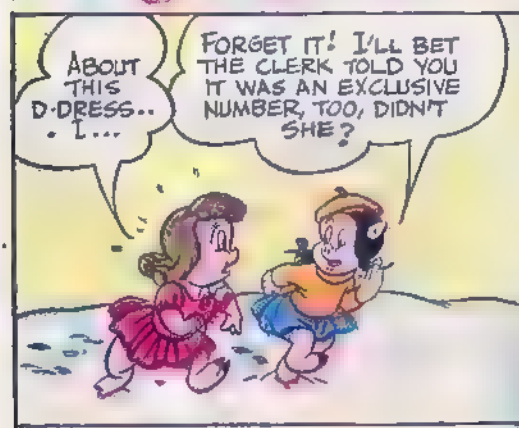
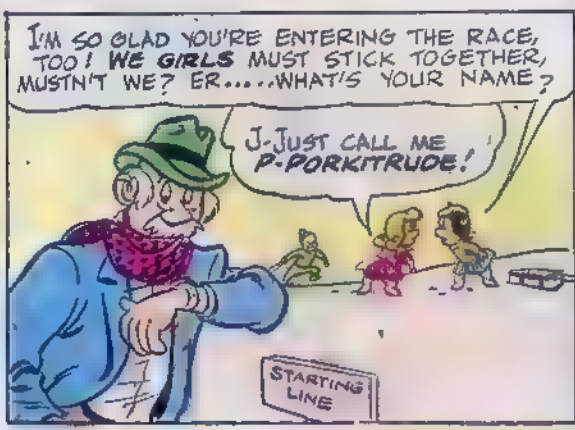
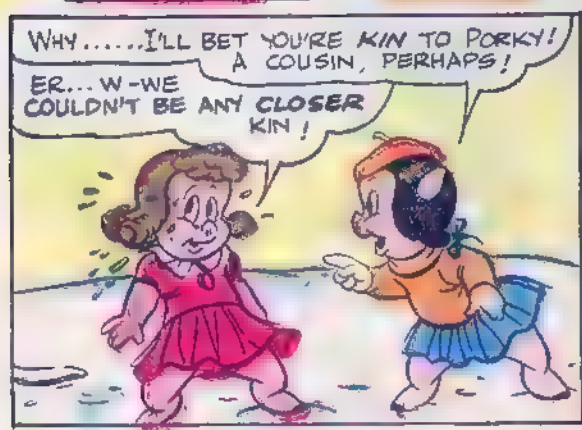
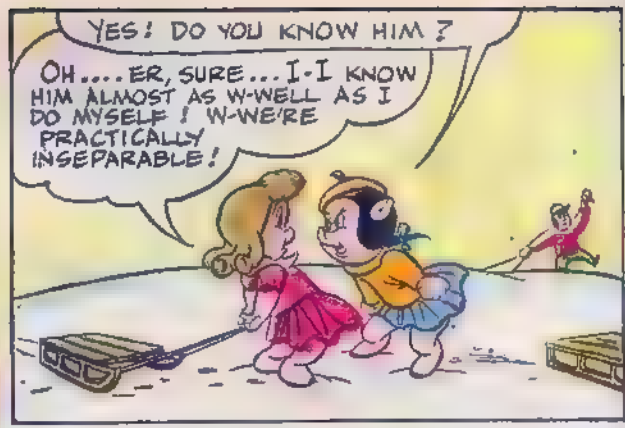


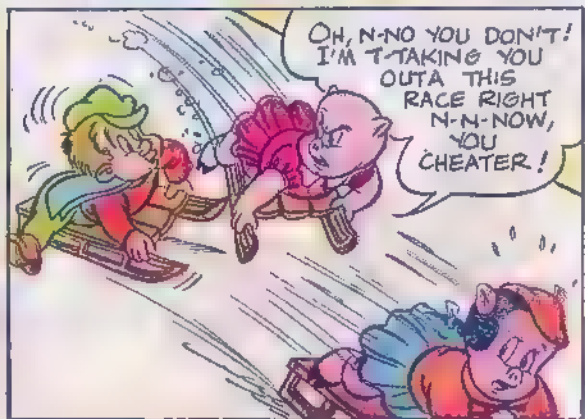
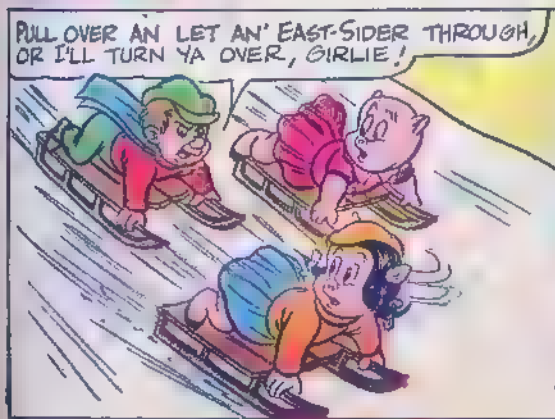
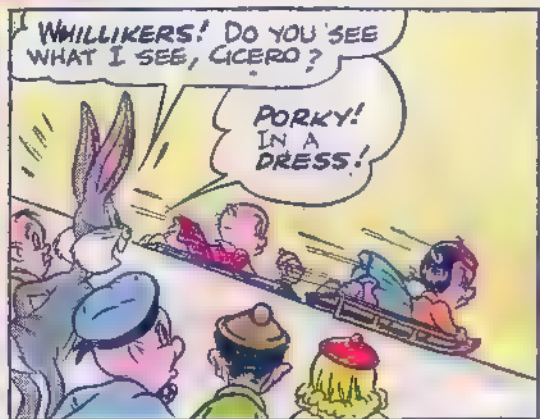
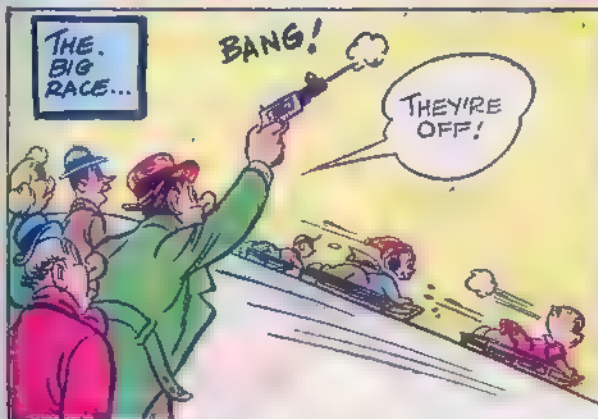
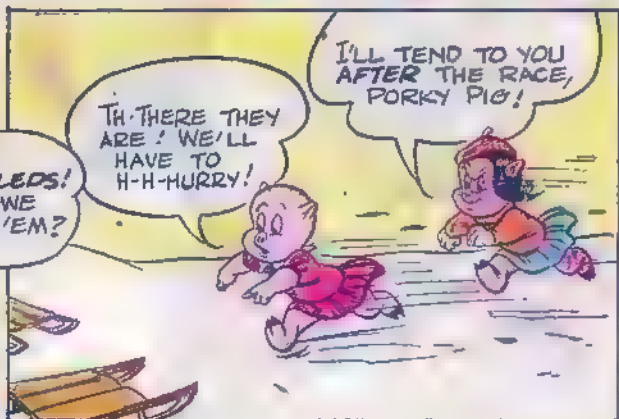
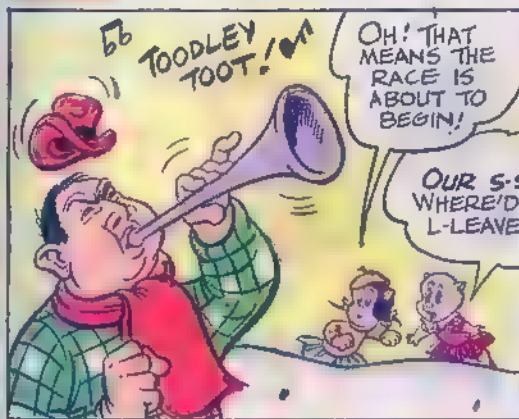
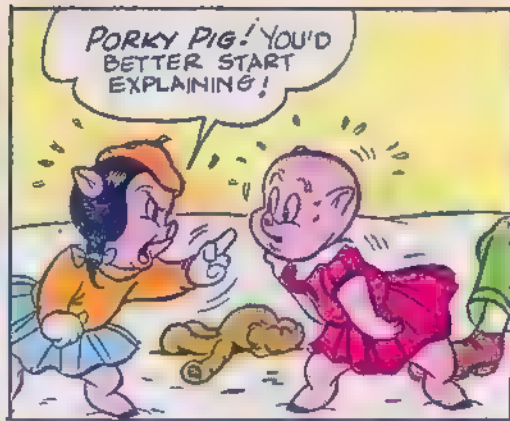
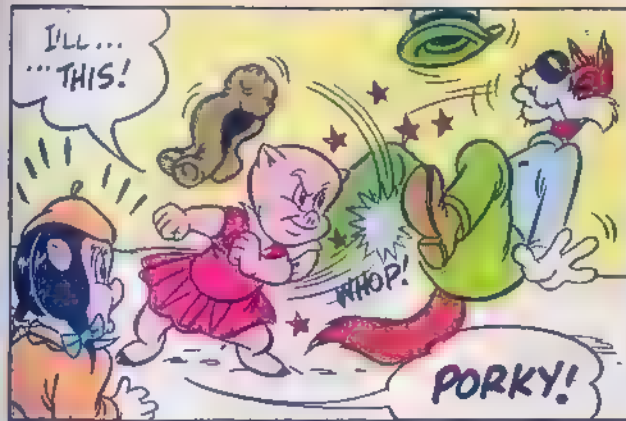


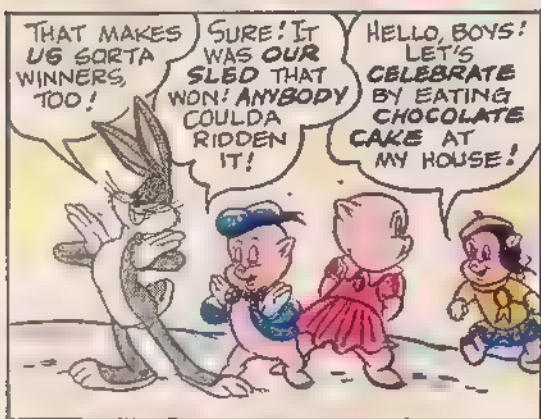
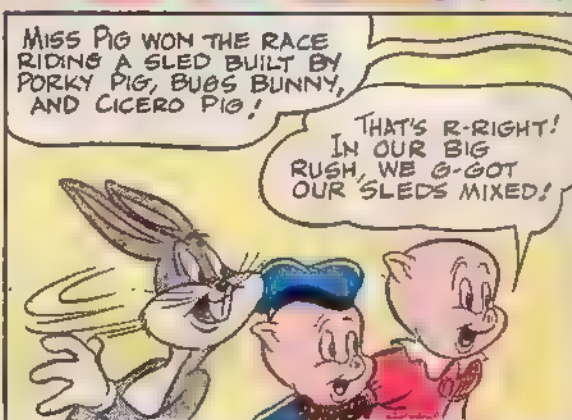
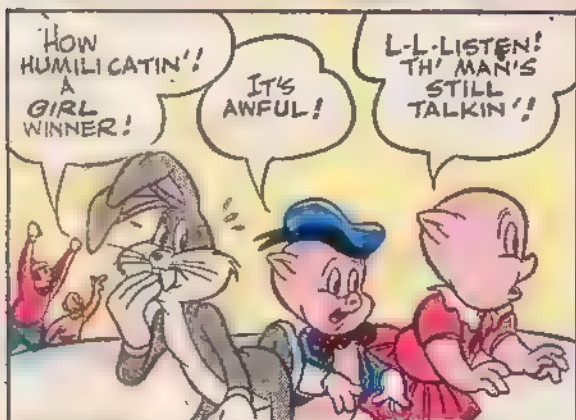
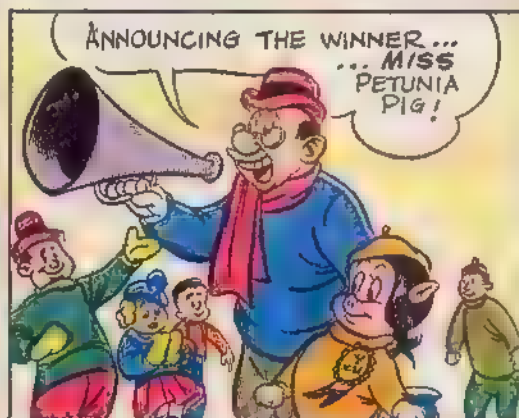
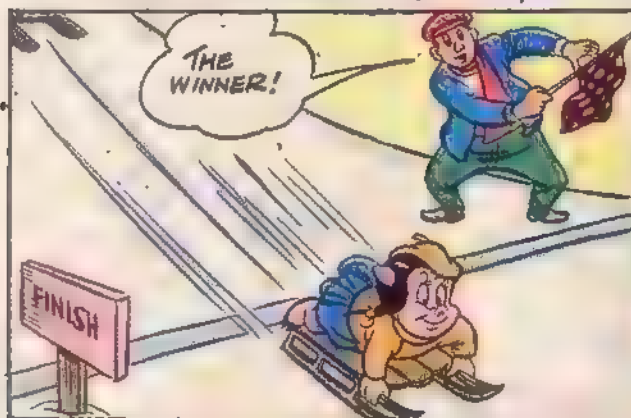
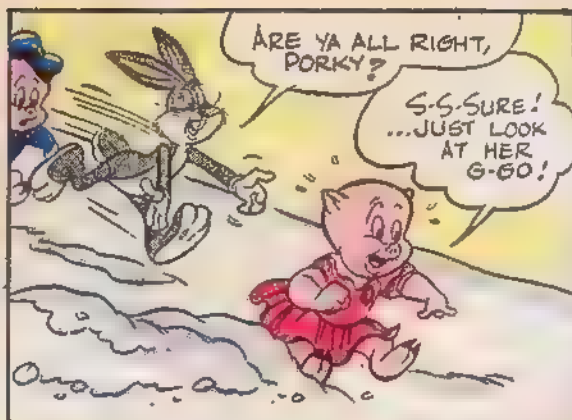
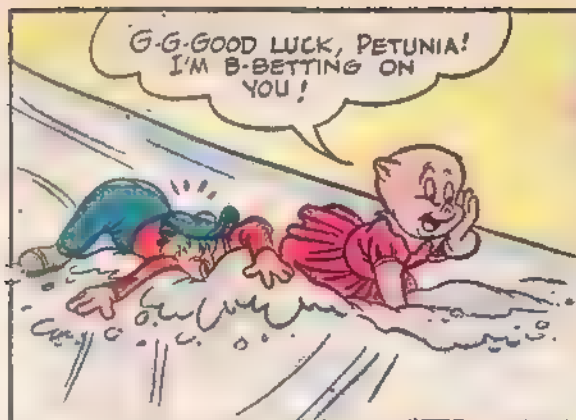












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HENERY HAWK

WOO/WOO/ ME WILD
INJUN/ UGH/

MERCIFUL
HEAVENS/
WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO,
HENERY?

UGH/ DO YOU WANTUM
PLAY INJUN, TOO, OLLIE?
I JUST CAPTURUM THIS
PALEFACE!

PALEFACE,
INDEED/ LOOKS
LIKE A
SNOWMAN
TO ME!

S' MATTER WITH
YOU, OLLIE!
HAVEN'TCHA GOT
ANY 'MAGINATION?
CAN'T YOU
PRETEND
IT'S A
PALEFACE?

NOW THAT YOU SPEAK OF
IT, YOUR SNOWMAN
DOES LOOK RATHER
PALE... POSITIVELY
WHITE, IN
FACT.

OH, I
GIVE UP!

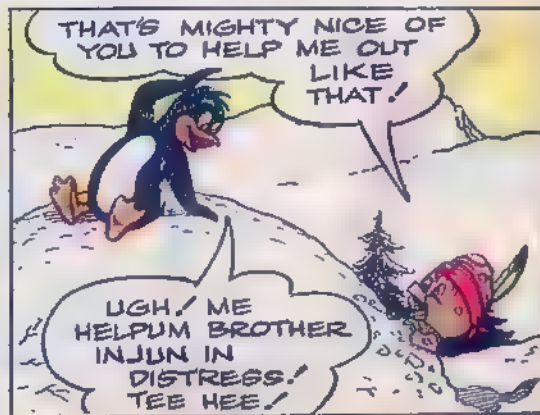
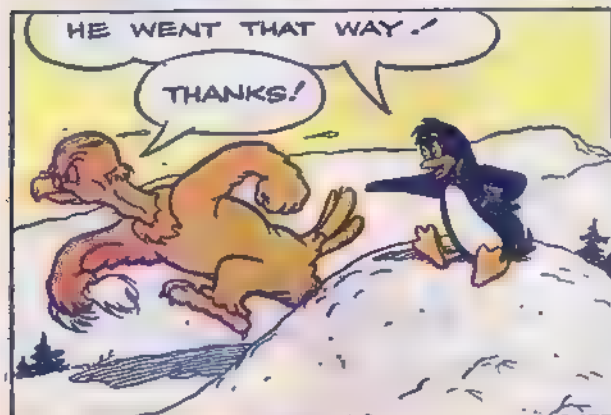
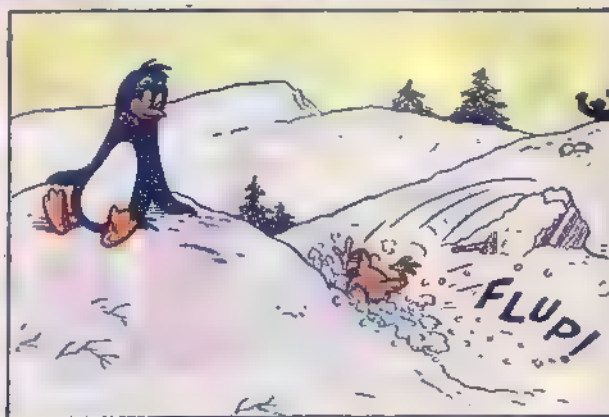
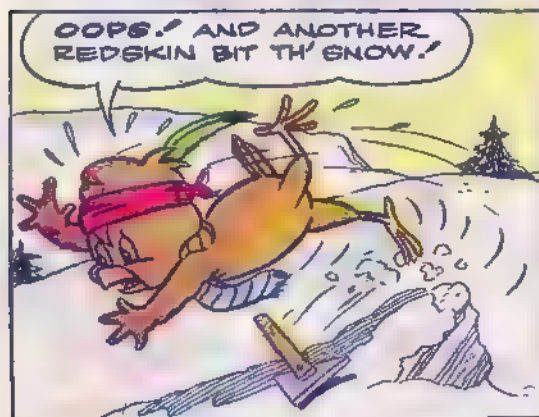
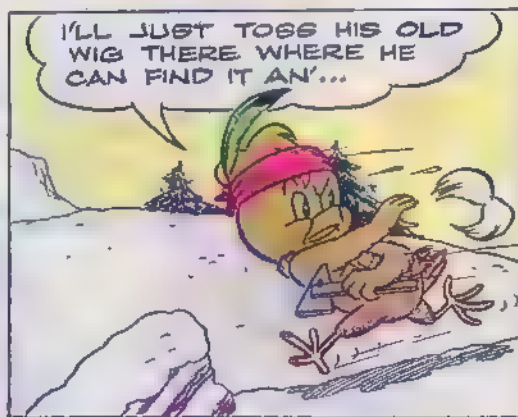
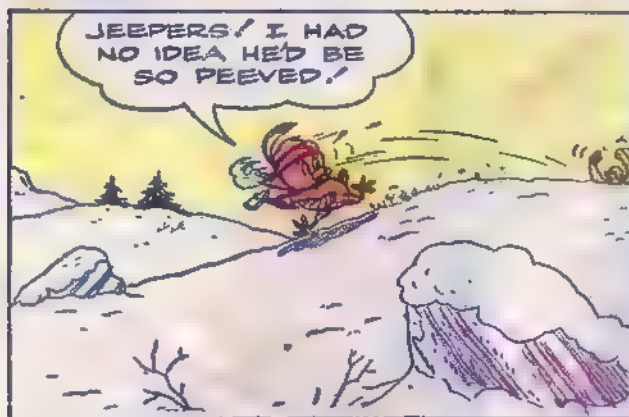
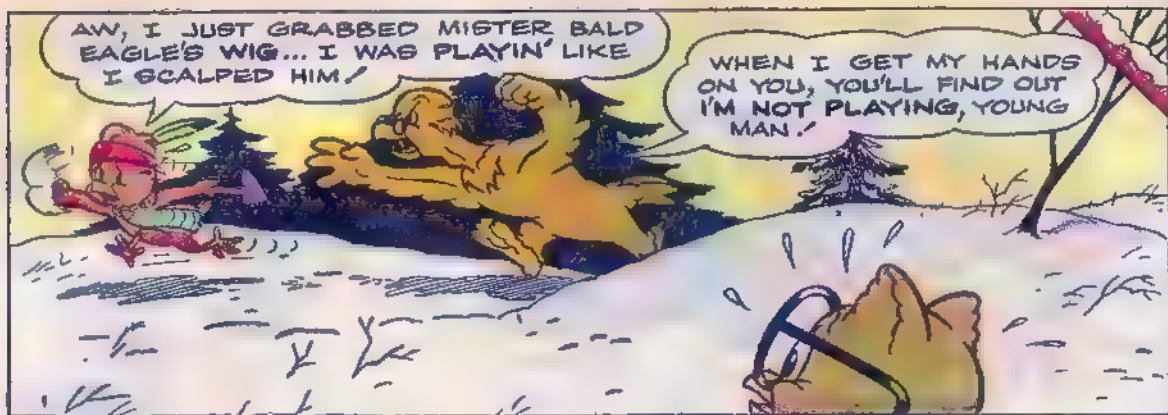
OLLIE DOESN'T KNOW HOW
TO HAVE FUN/ WISH THERE
WAS ANOTHER LI'L BIRD
KID FOR ME TO PLAY WITH!

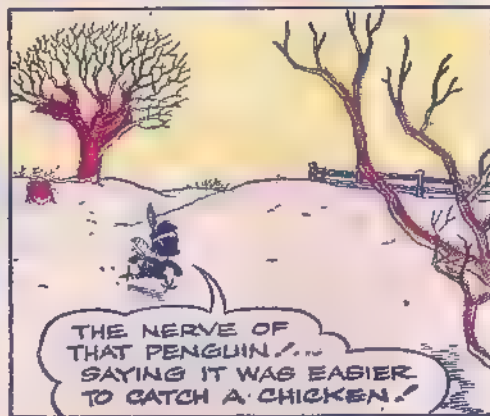
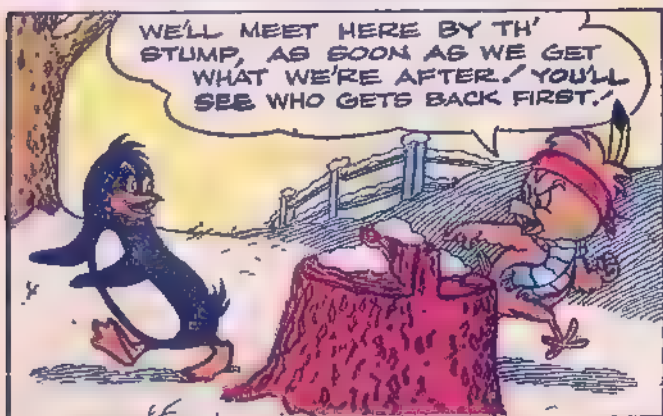
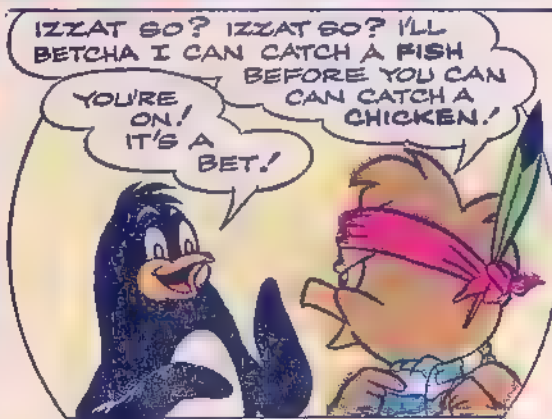
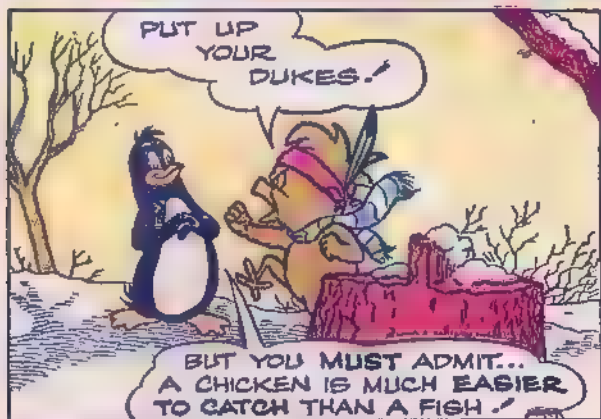
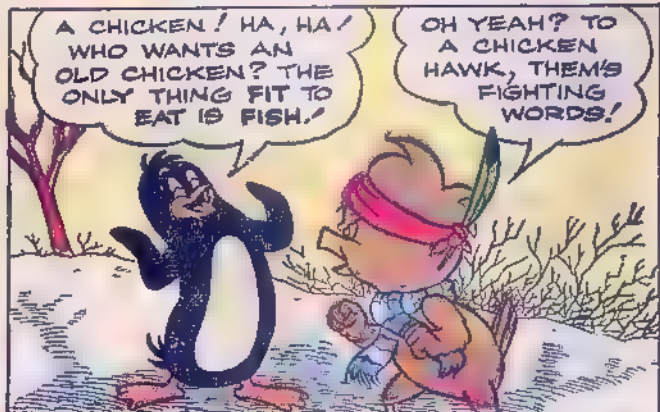
I'D ALMOST RATHER
PLAY BY MYSELF
THAN WITH THAT
OWL!

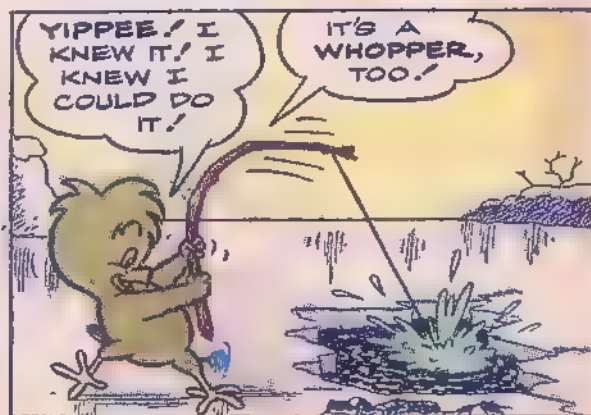
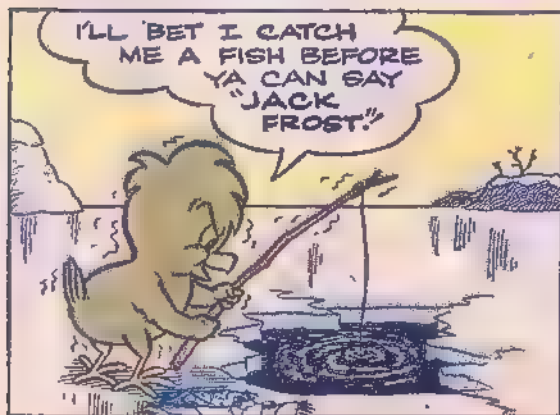
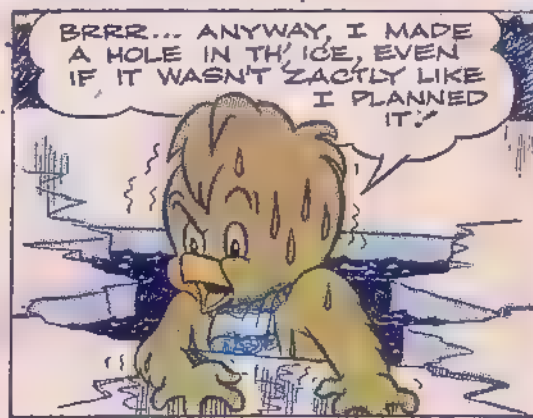
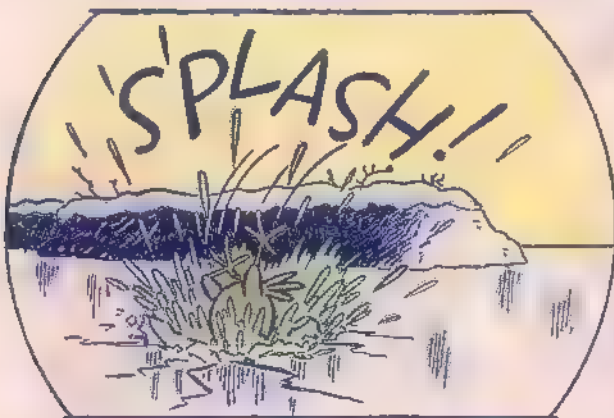
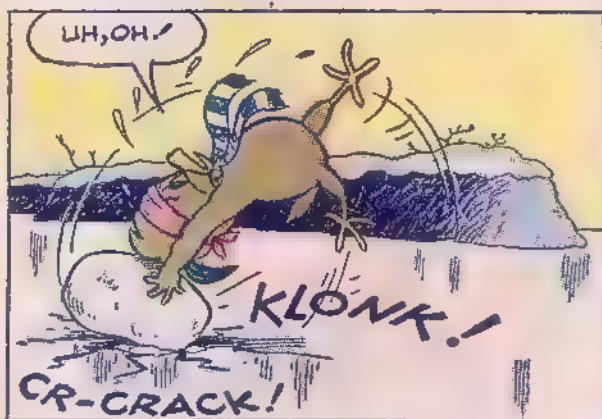
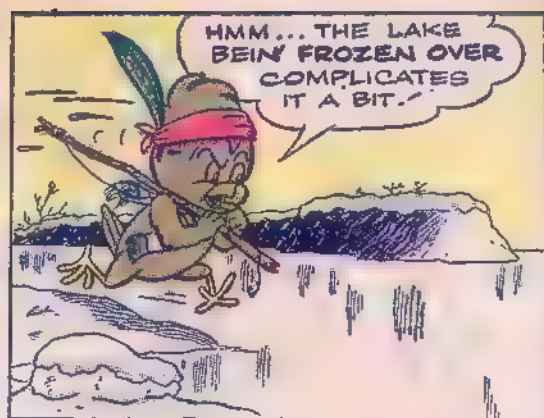
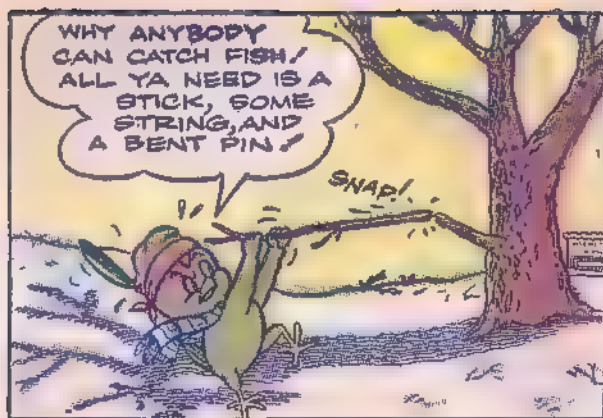
A FEW
SECONDS
LATER...

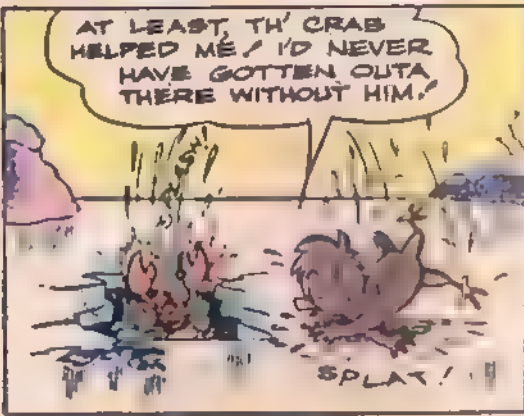
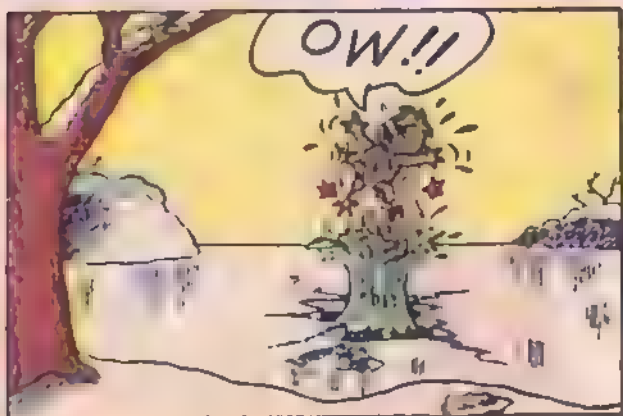
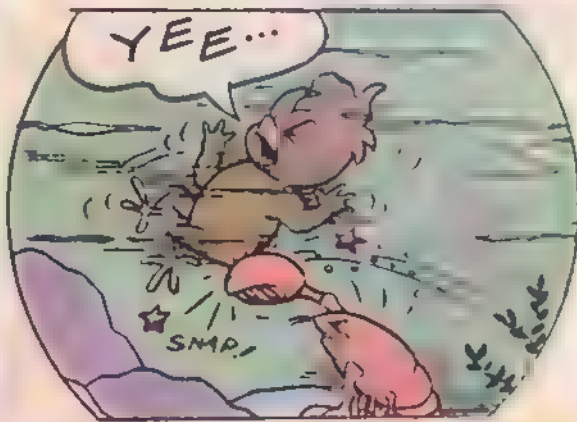
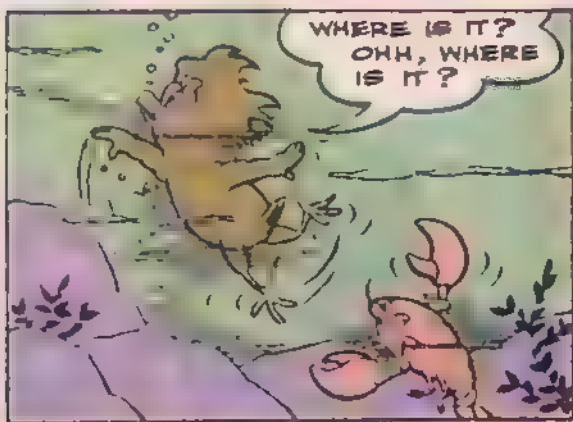
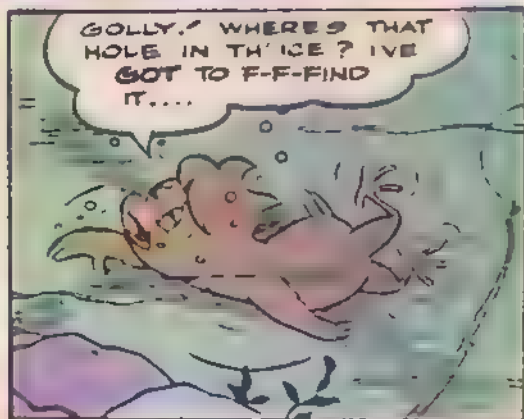
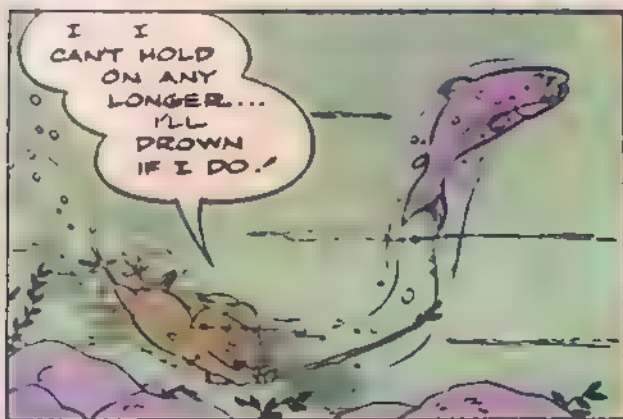
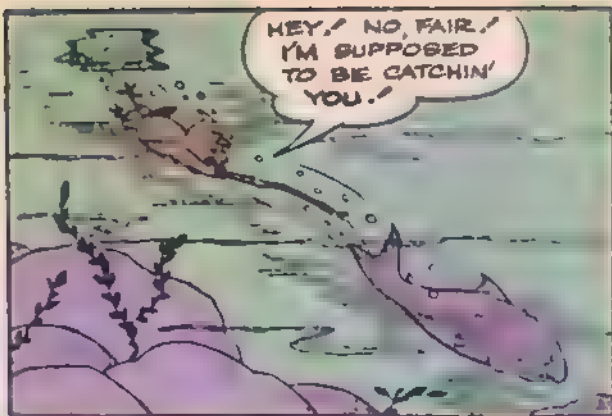
HELP! HELP!
STOP HIM,
SOMEBODY!

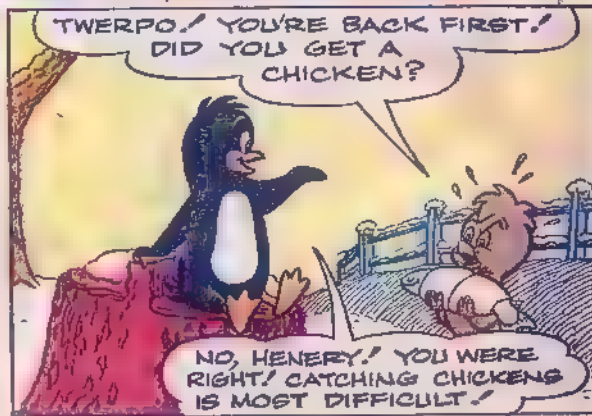
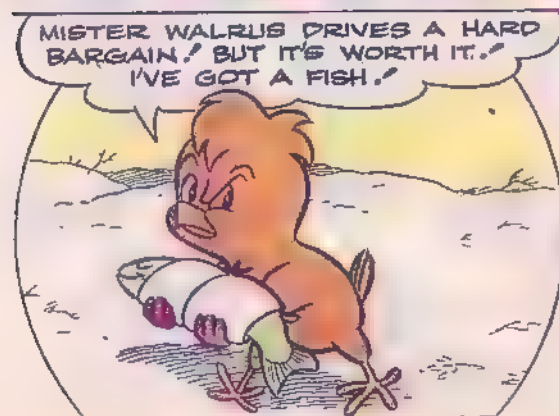
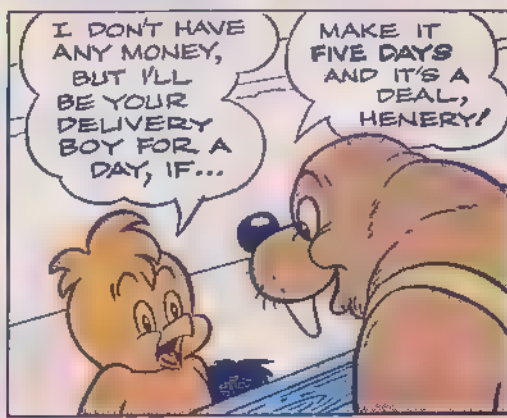
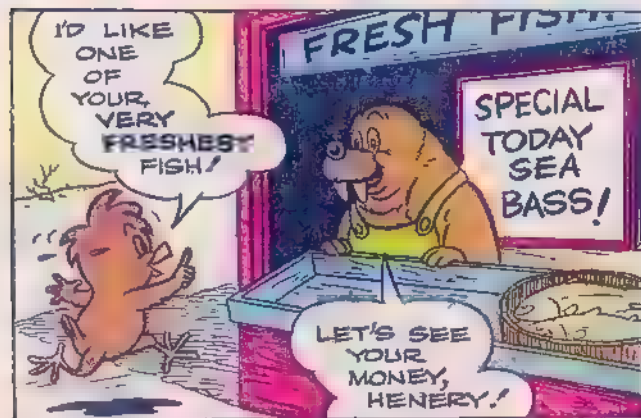
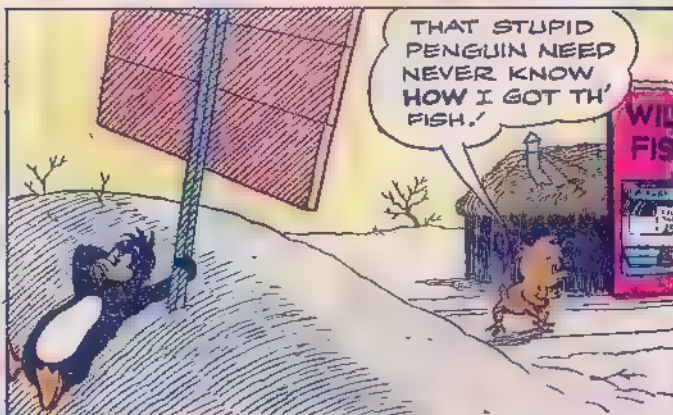
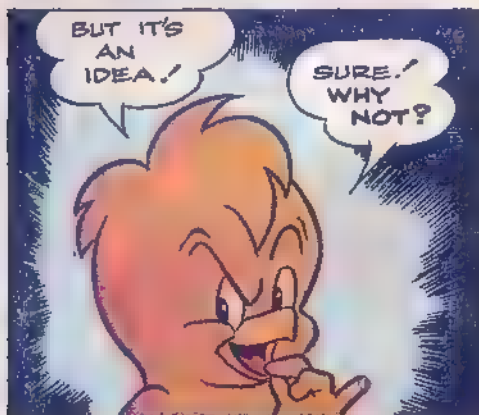
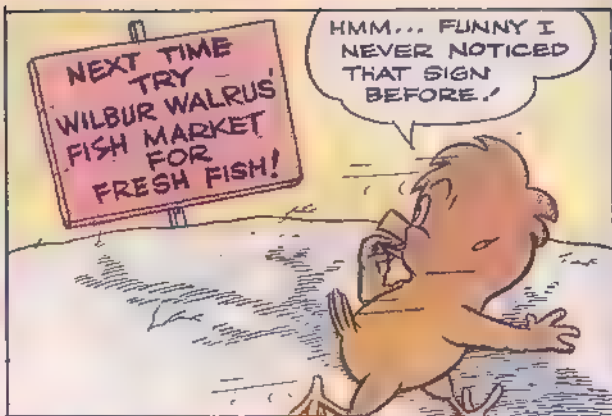
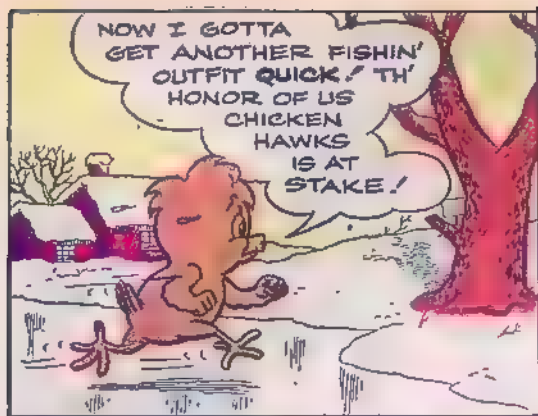
NOW WHAT?

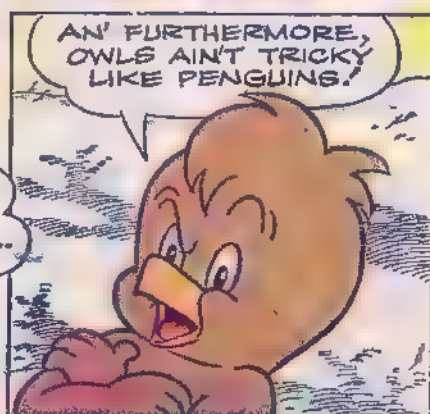
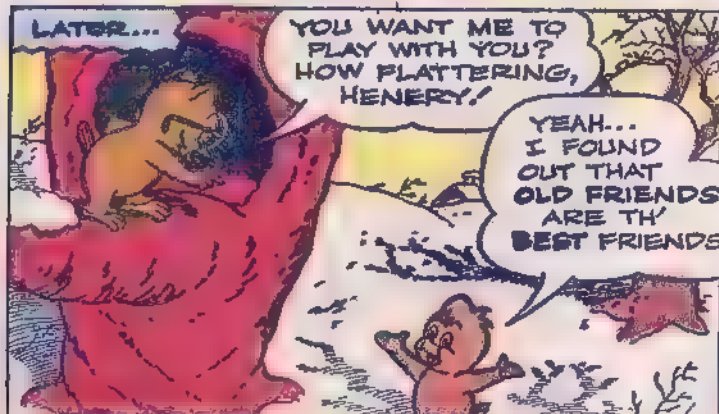
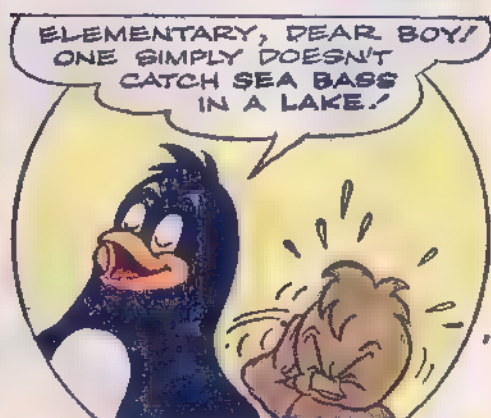
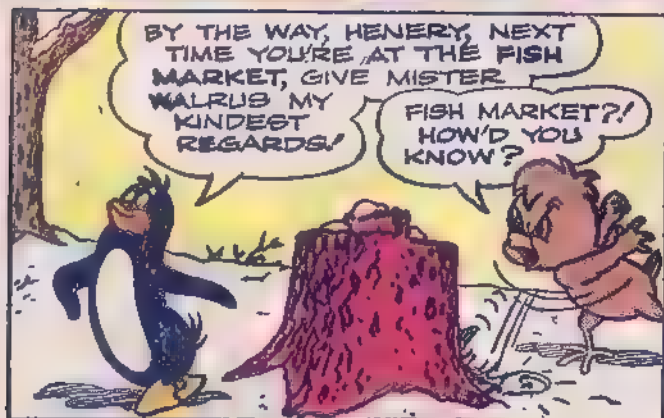
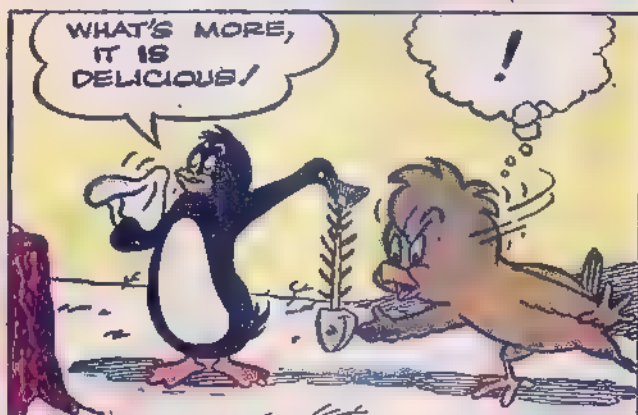
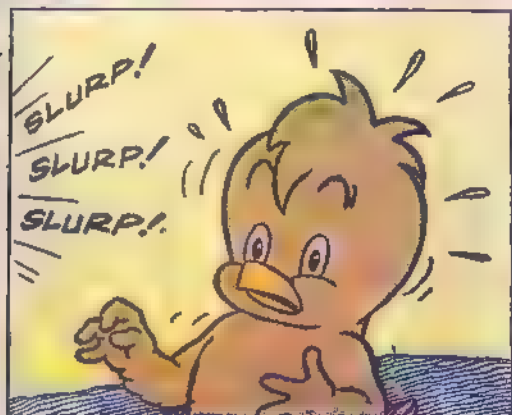
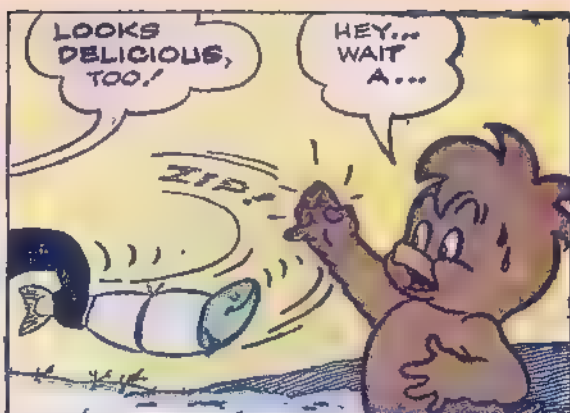
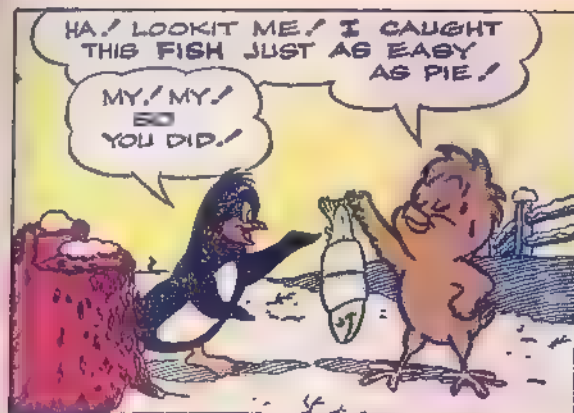


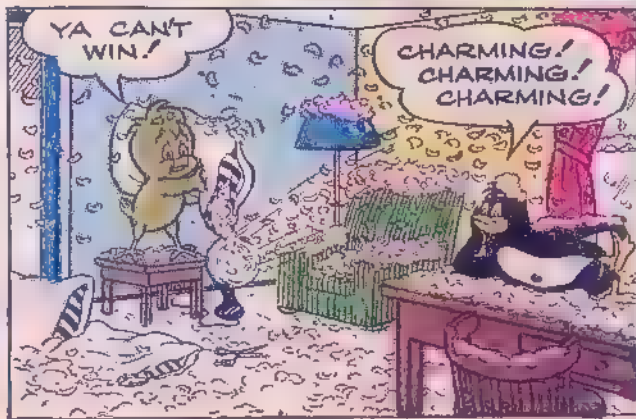
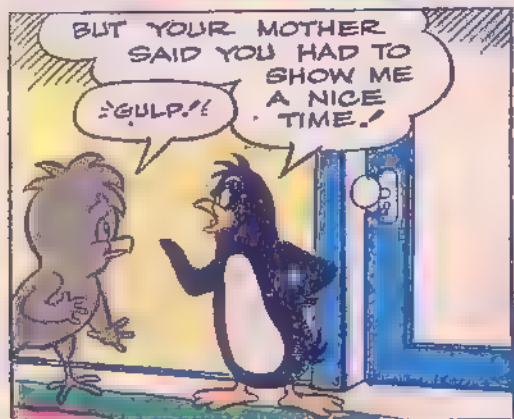
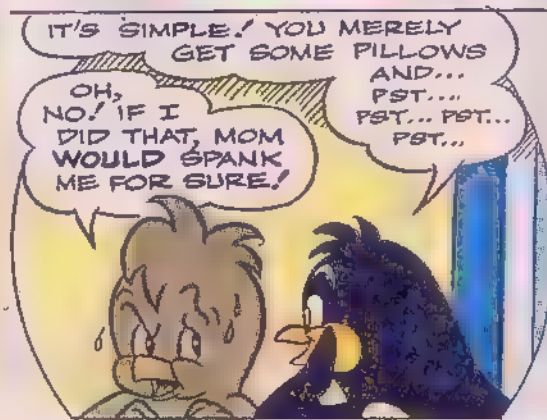
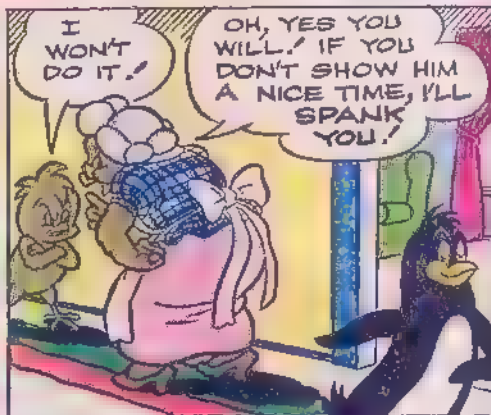
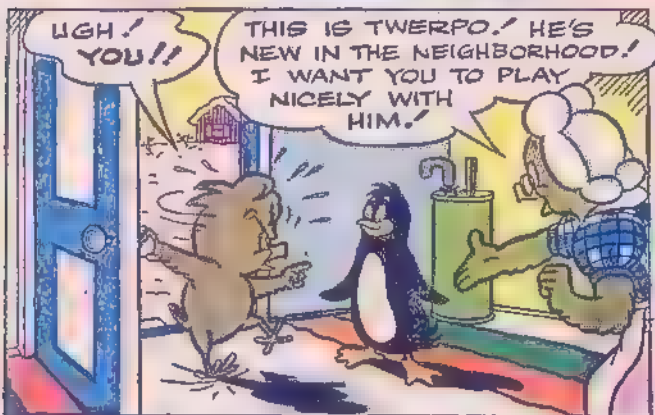
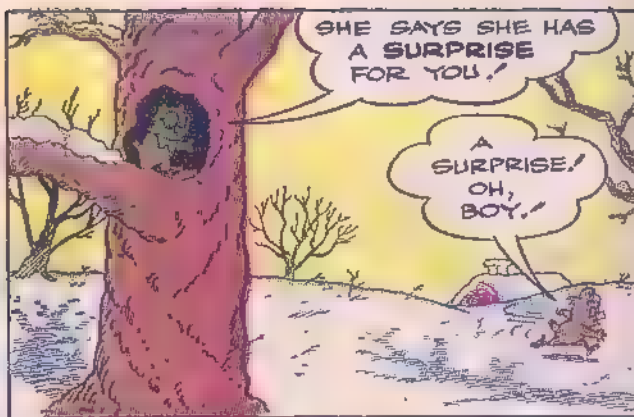
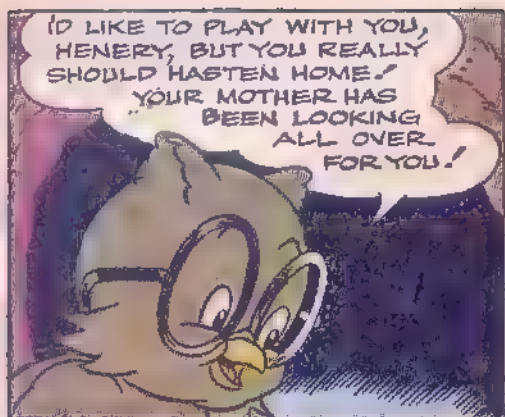












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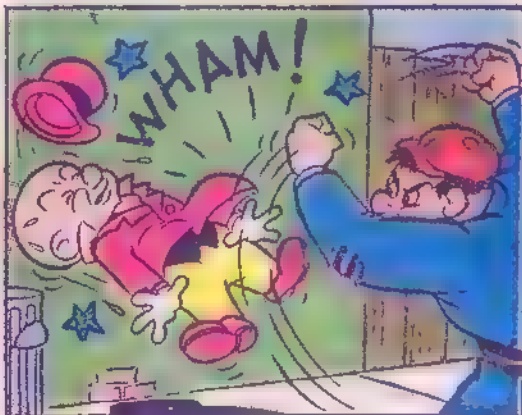
ELMER FUDD

COME HERE, YOU LITTLE
SAWED-OFF RUNT!

NO! NO!
NO!

I GUESS THIS IS TH' ONLY
LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND!

HELP!
HELP!



H-HELP!
HELP!

PLIK!

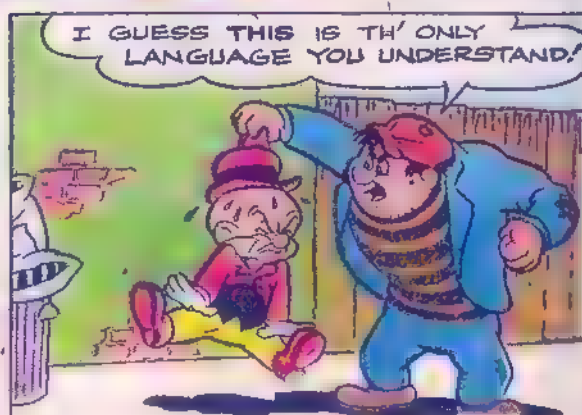
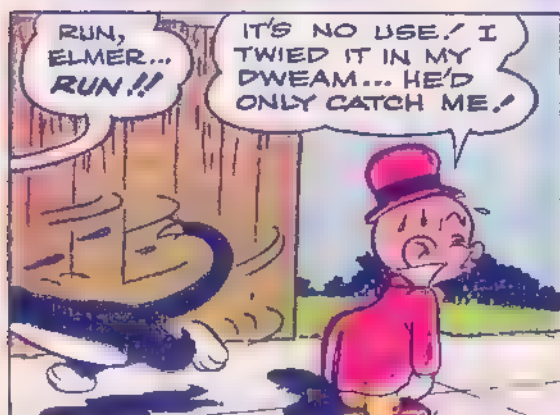
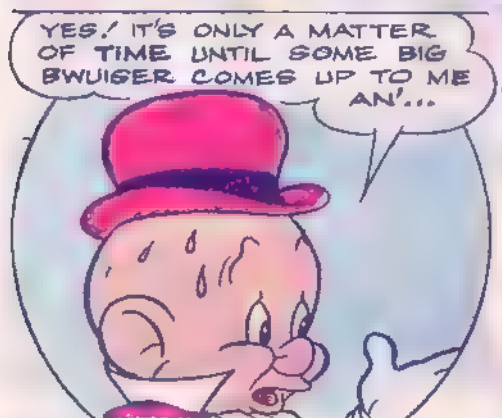
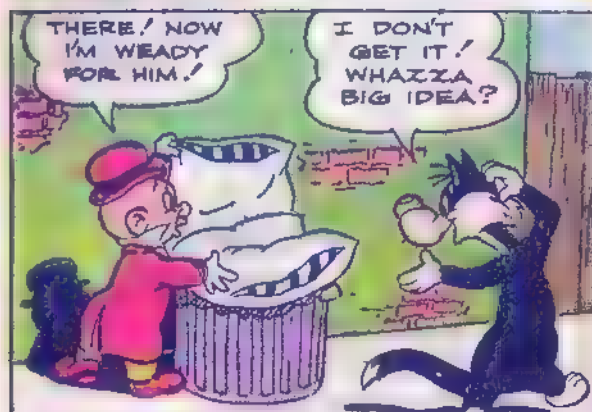
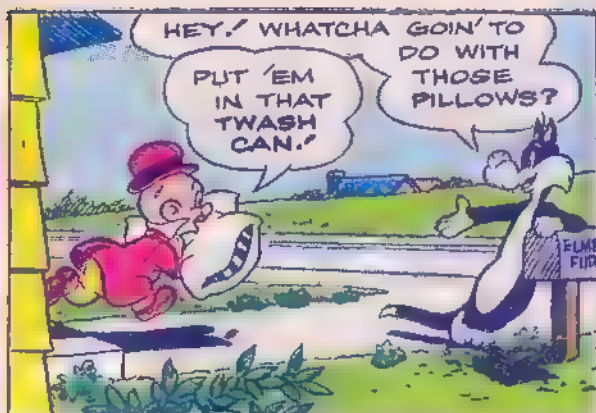
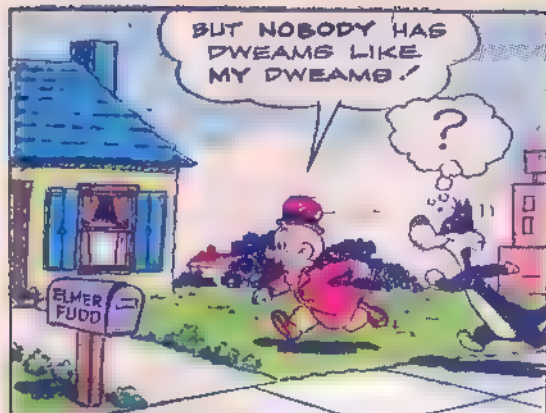
HELP!
H-HELP!

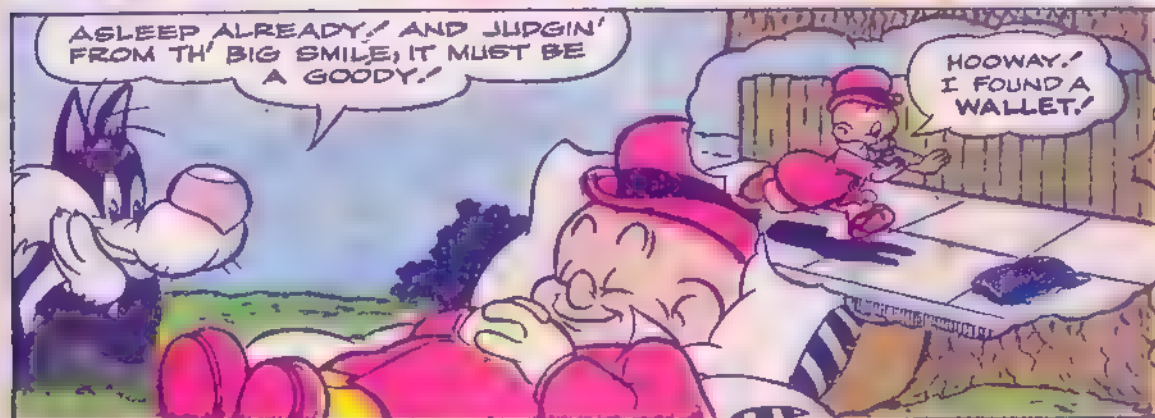
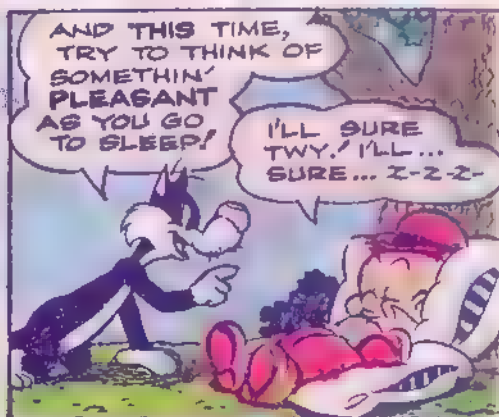
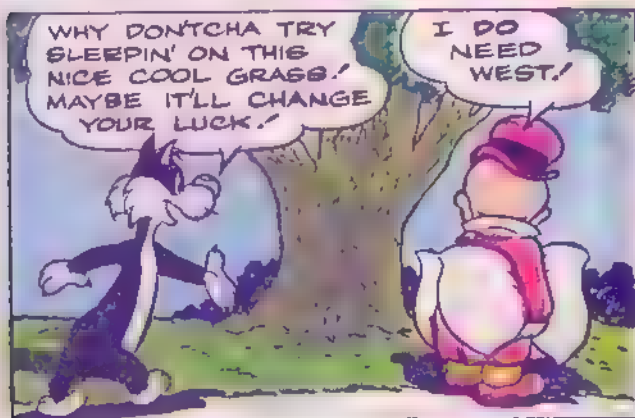
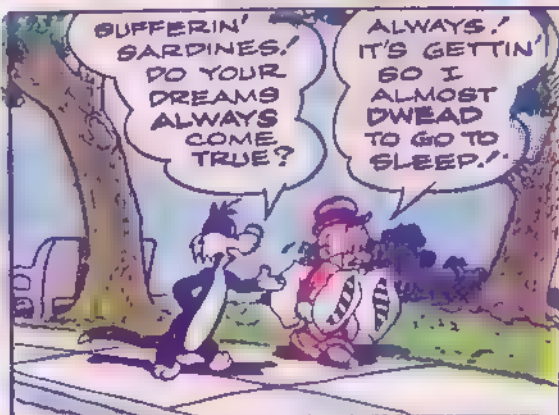
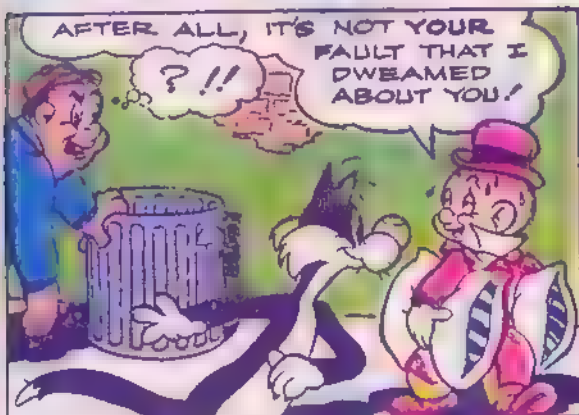
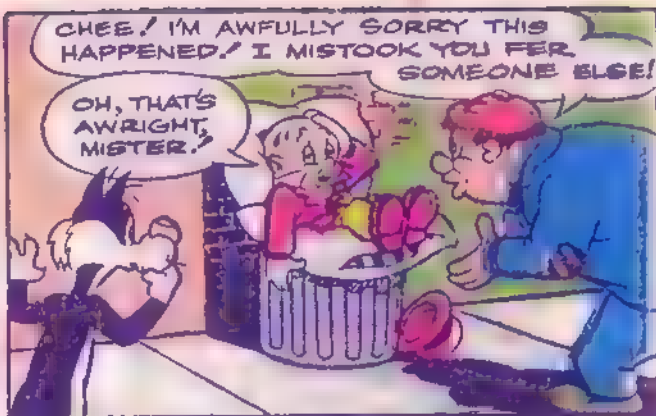
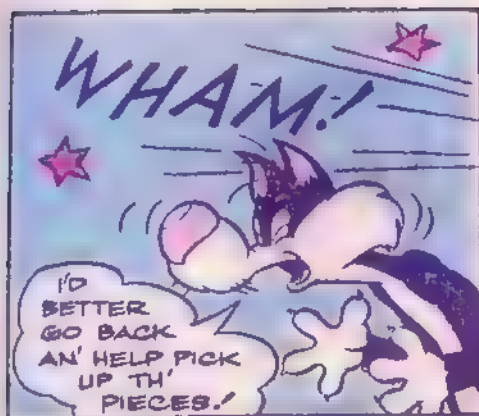
WAKE UP,
GOVERNOR!
YOU'RE
HAVIN' A
BAD DREAM!

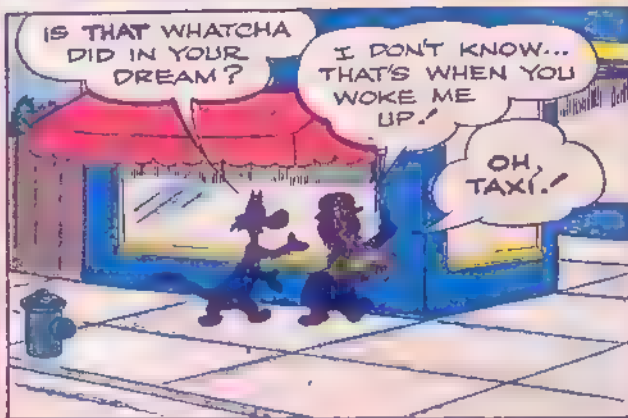
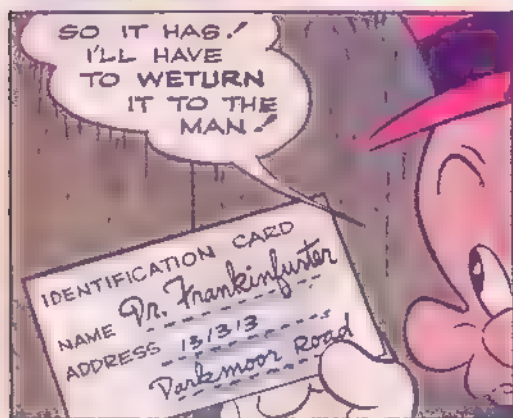
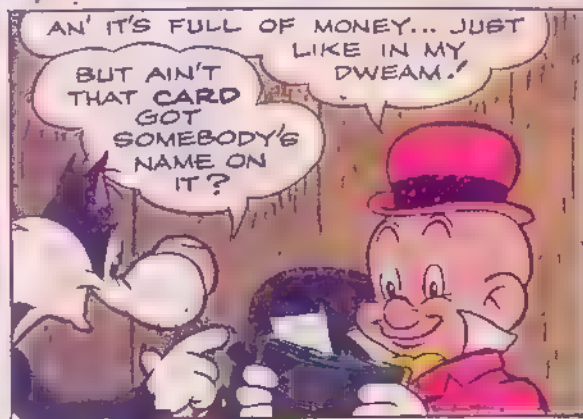
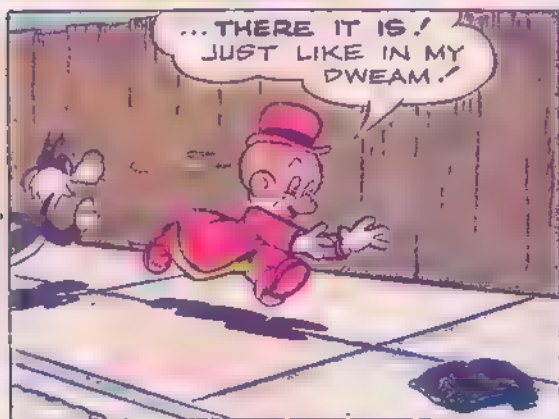
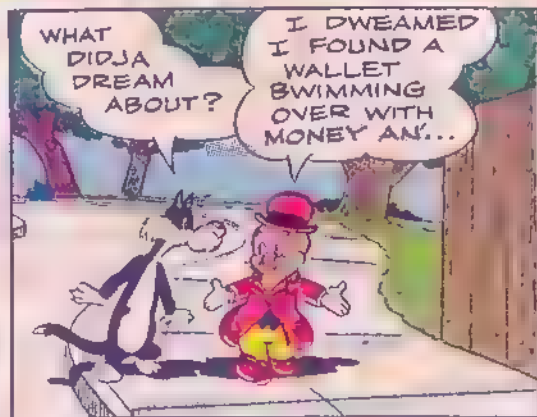
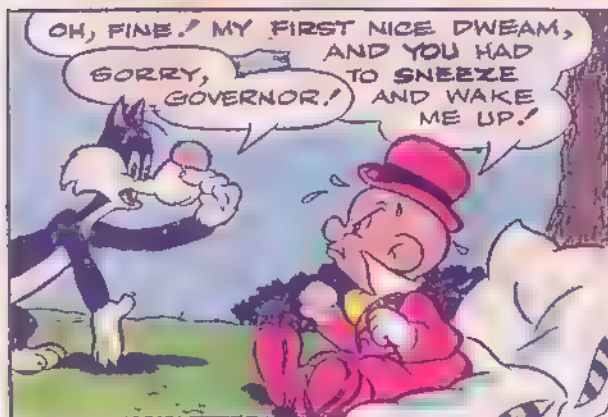
I DWEAMED SOME MAN HIT
ME, AND KNOCKED ME INTO
THAT TWASH CAN. IT WAS
TEWWIBLE!

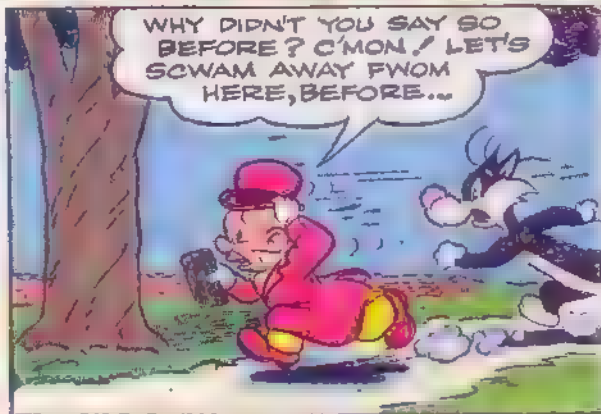
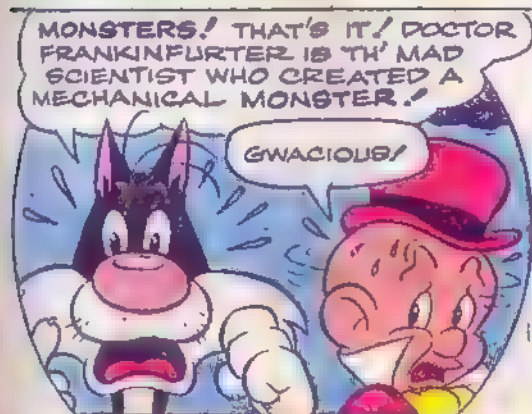
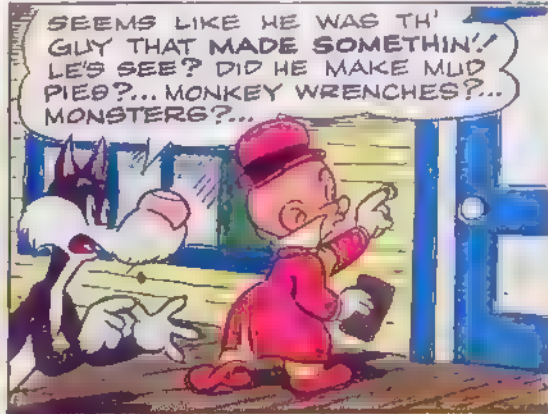
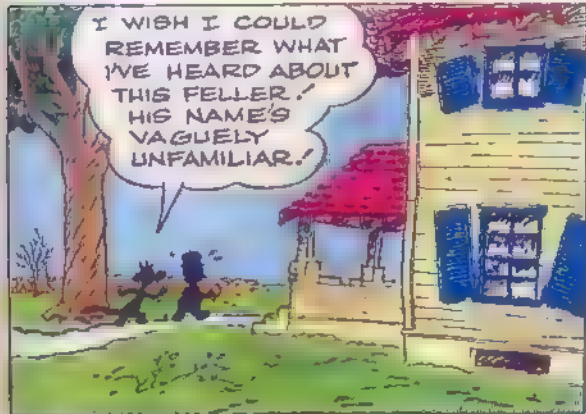
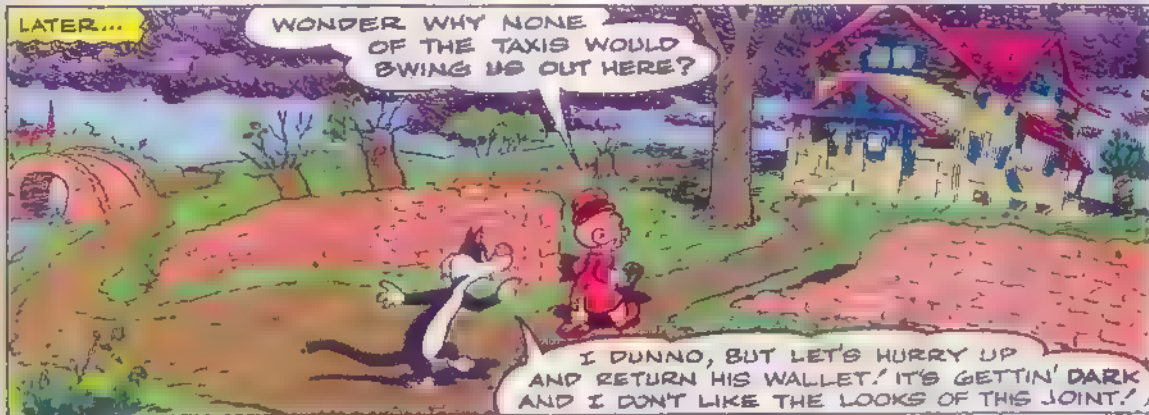
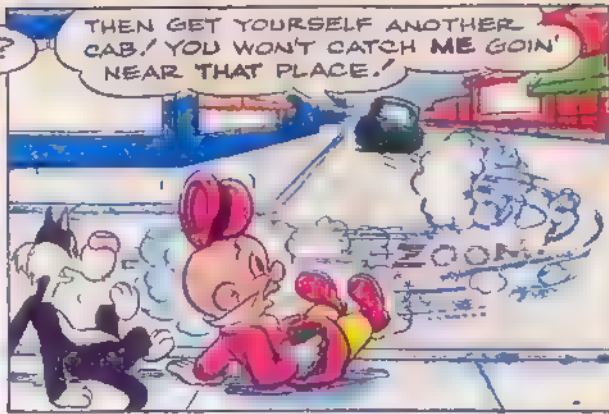
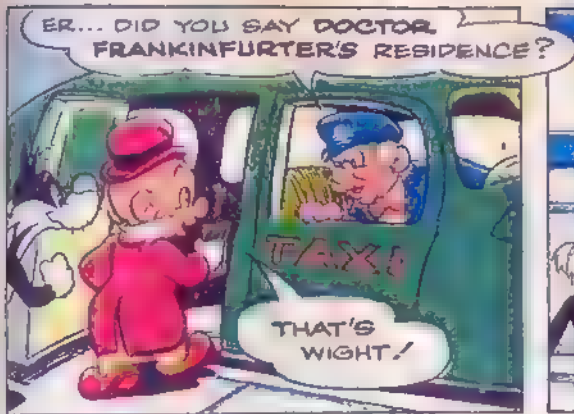
TEWWIBLE!
TEWWIBLE!

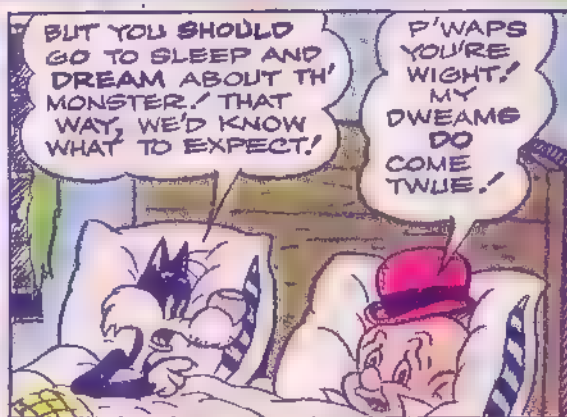
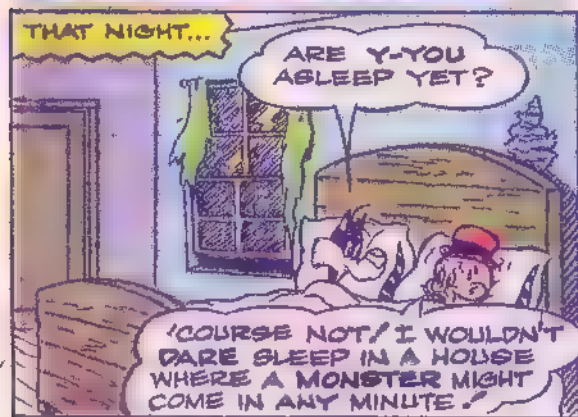
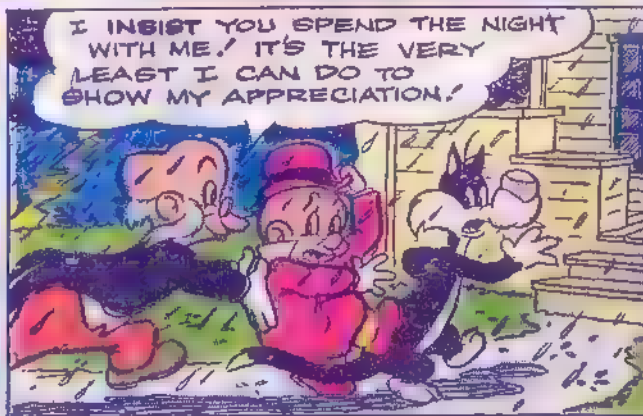
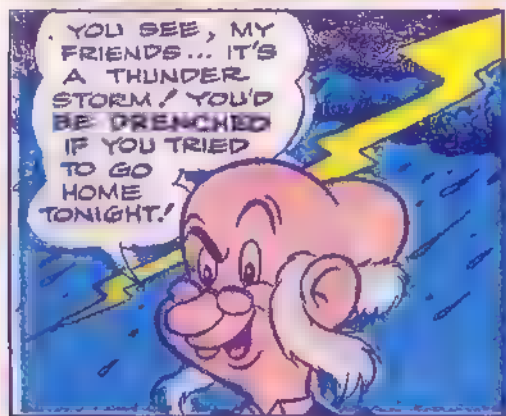
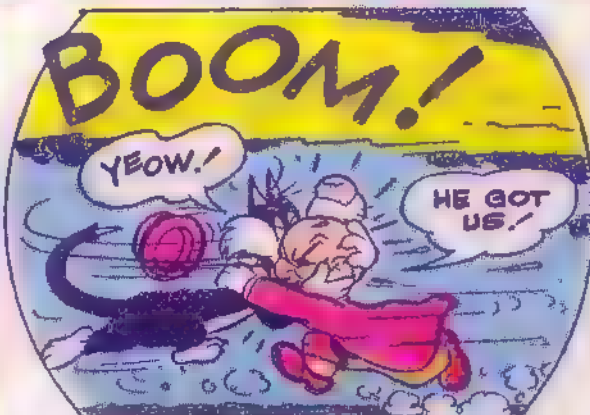
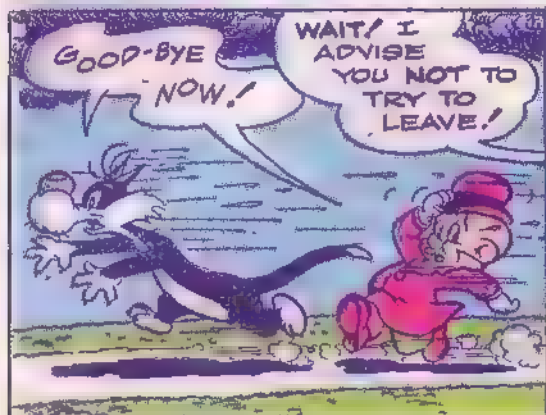
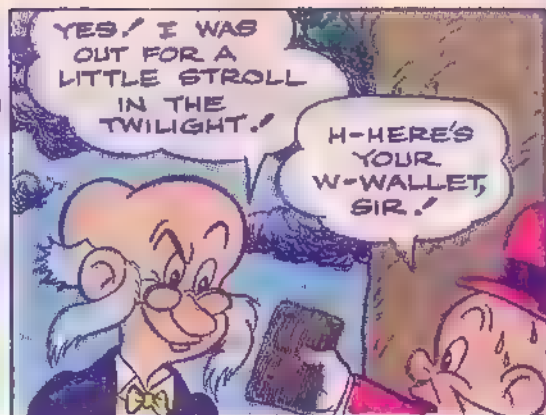
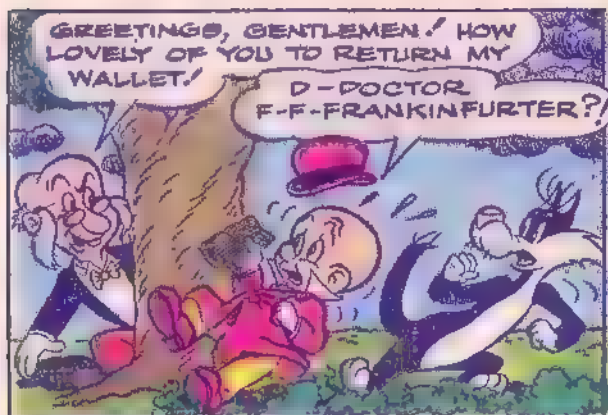
DON'T TAKE
IT SO HARD!
SOMETIMES,
WHEN I'M
CAT-NAPPIN',
I HAVE
DREAMS, TOO!

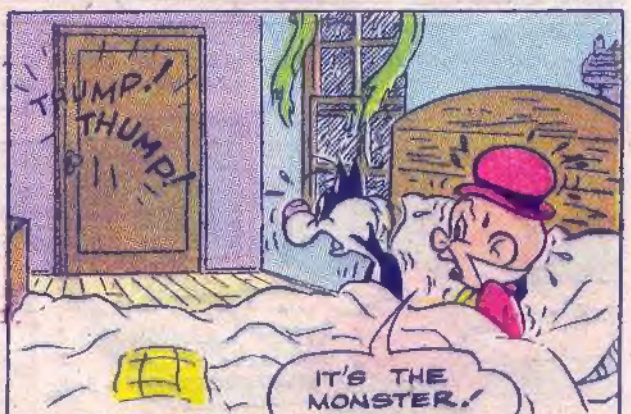
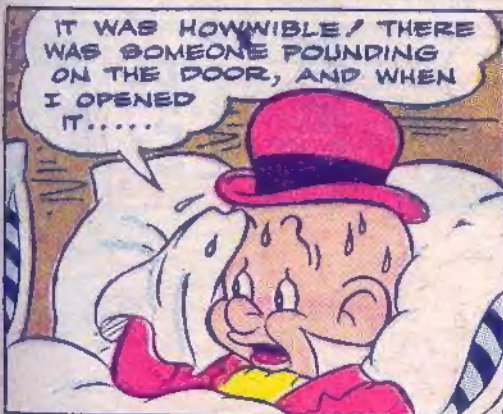
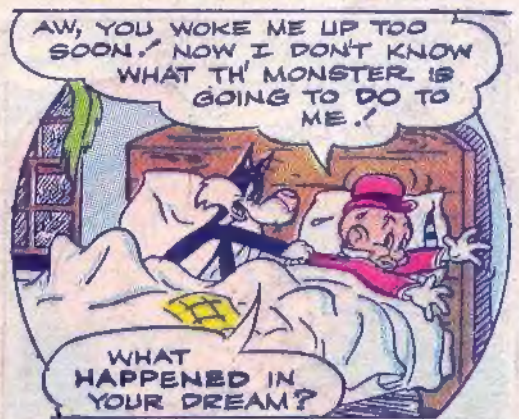
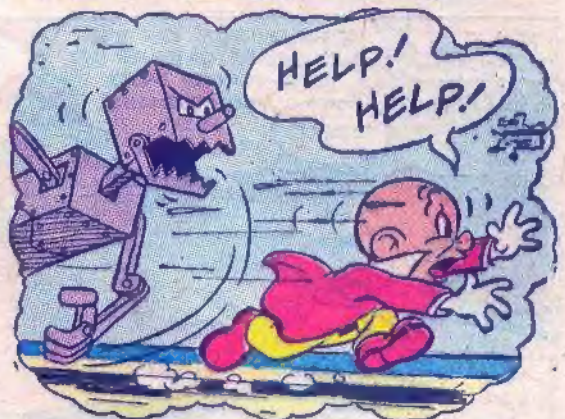
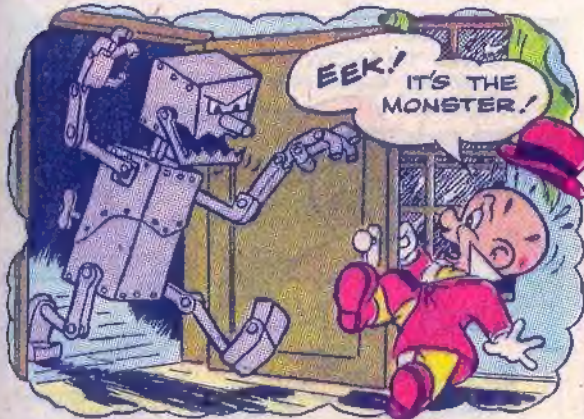
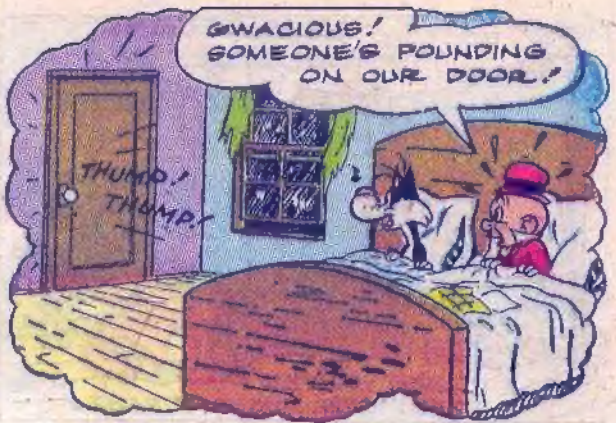
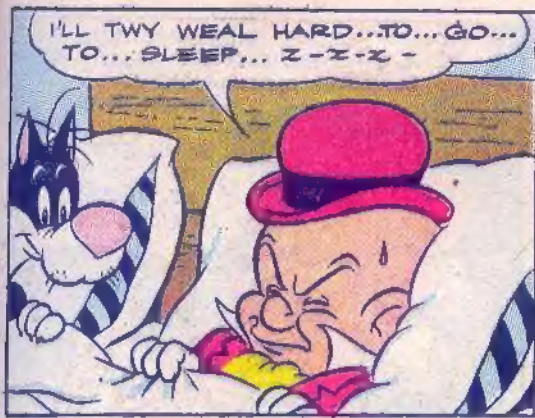


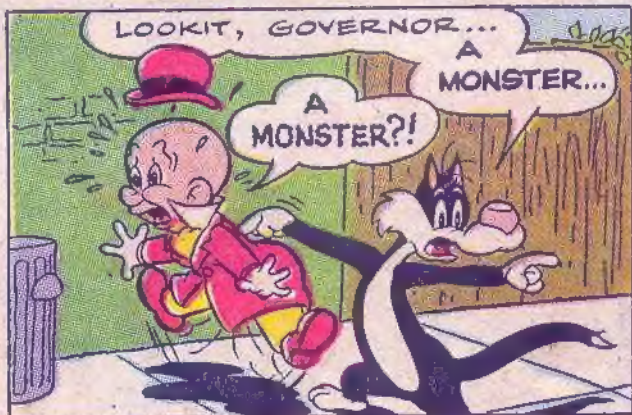
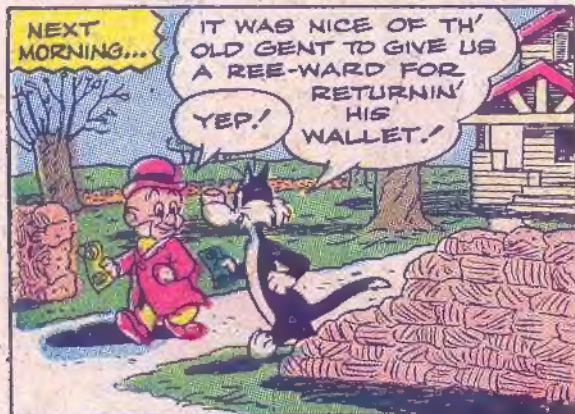












CICERO'S NEW HATCHET

(Continued from inside front cover)

to the door.

Petunia barred his way. "Just a minute, Cicero," she said. "Mr. Catlin told me that someone chopped down one of his saplings. Did you do it?"

Cicero tried to look nonchalant. "Me?" he exclaimed. "Why, Petunia!"

"Cicero!" Petunia was stern. "Did you—or didn't you?"

"Well—er—didn't he see who did it?" Cicero countered.

"No," Petunia said. "But he thought that you might—"

Cicero interrupted with a wail. "What's he gonna do?"

"Well," Petunia replied, "he wanted to reward whoever had done it. But since no one knows who it was, I suppose he'll just use the five dollars to buy another tree."

Petunia glanced at Cicero who was staring in open-mouthed amazement. She continued, "You see, last summer his little daughter lost a very valuable gold locket. Mr. Catlin just found it under the roots of that tree."

"He did?" Cicero gasped.

"Yes, he did," Petunia answered. "He thought that you'd chopped . . ."

"Petunia, I—er—" Cicero interrupted weakly.

But Petunia pretended not to hear him. "Of course, I know you didn't do it," she went on. "Because you WERE playing George Washington. And you would have admitted chopping the tree down right away. It's too bad about that reward. But it will look better to have another tree in that empty space. Don't you think so, Cicero?"

"I guess it will," Cicero mumbled sadly, as he walked away.

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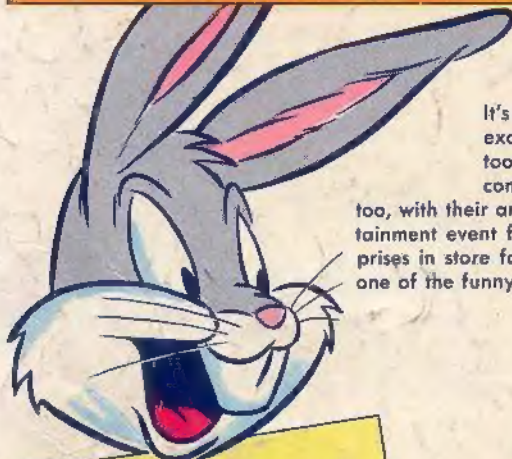
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